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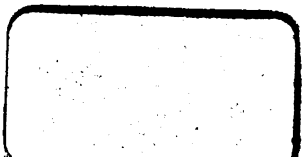

TEMPLE

Archibald Gill Cochrane

TEMPLE

OF

THE FAIRIES.

TEMPLE

OF

THE FAIRIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

VOL. II.

-------- il vero condito in molli versi
I piu schivi allettando ha persuaso:
Cosi al egro fanciul porgiam aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso. *Tasso.*

------- the truth, in pleasing tales convey'd,
Will oft to good the vicious mind persuade
So to the wayward child we wish to live,
The med'cin'd vase, with honey touch'd, we give.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY VERNOR AND HOOD,
No. 31, *Poultry.*

1804.

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TEMPLE
OF
THE FAIRIES.

The unexpected sight of their hospitable mansion assaulted by armed foes, and seemingly a prey to devouring flames, affected differently the Baron and the Baroness de Granville: in the one it excited feelings of terror, bordering on phrensy, and in the other an unconquerable ardour of mind, a desire to inflict immediate vengeance on the authors of the calamity. "It grieves me," said he, turning tenderly to his lady, "to leave you for a moment without a protector; but your trembling limbs convince me that I ought not to urge you forwards, and yet the impending danger that seems to threaten our residence, our all, requires that I should hasten to avert it, or at least to unite my effort to those of the brave men who are fighting for me."

"The surprise, the shock," answered the baroness, "has overcome my fortitude for a moment; but I am now recovered, and in this trial I will share the dangers of my beloved lord." At these words she pressed forwards, with a degree of exertion that surprised the ad-

miring baron, and distracted between the fear of what might meet them at the castle, and the greater fear of leaving her exposed at a distance, he suffered her to accompany his hasty steps.

The very liberal manner in which William of Normandy, after seating himself on the English throne, had bestowed privileges and estates on his followers, excited much discontent towards his government; which, though it remained long smothering in private, was not the less inveterate and determined: it burned with increasing heat against both the sovereign and the objects of his favour, without regard to merit or delinquency.

The estates which had been given, together with the title of baron, to the amiable Reginald de Granville, though not more than a fair reward for the heroic valour which he displayed in the support of William's cause, were yet subject to the claims of a gentleman, who had been dispossessed for his firm adherence to the interests of Harold, unfortunately slain in the battle of Hastings. His valour had long made the contest doubtful between the English and the invading Normans, and he fell, severely wounded, before the battle was decided. In this state he was found, the next day, by some of his friends, and carried to a place of private security, where

he remained till his wounds had been completely healed.

The mind of Sir Hilbert de Corbyn, though highly brave, was fierce and vindictive, and finding, on his recovery, that his extensive possessions had been given to another, he burned with implacable wrath, and scarcely could be restrained, by the remonstrances of his friends, from going, sword in hand, though alone, to demand restitution. At last, however, he submitted to the conviction that he should be more likely to obtain his object by w ng for the co-operation of others, and, in disguise, he took his way towards the north, where he remained some years, industriously fomenting those sentiments of disaffection and rebellion which might naturally be expected to grow up under a government not of the mildest cast. During this time he had frequent opportunities of traversing the lands that once belonged to him, and which the supposition of his death had left undisputed in the hands of the baron de Granville. This excited in his burning soul new sparks of rage; but when he learned that the lovely baroness was the same matchless female on whom he had long placed his ardent affection, he was torn by the most excruciating pangs. It weighed little in his mind that he had been most decidedly rejected both by the young lady and her parents;

he viewed her marriage as a crime personally directed against himself, and resolved to punish it with exemplary vengeance.

Actuated by these powerful motives, Sir Hilbert was indefatigable in his endeavours to procure secret adherents, and was very successful in several of the northern counties; but still he felt much difficulty to excite them to rise in arms. However, a new regulation of the government, which was considered as very oppressive, furnished the occasion, and he collected together an irregular force of several hundred men, variously armed, but all more anxious for tumult and plunder than for public justice. Sir Hilbert persuaded his followers that their first object should be to secure the possession of Granville Castle, a post that would equally favour their advancement or retreat, and had concerted his plans with such secresy and dispatch, that he appeared ready to attack the place before any intelligence had been received of the country being in a state of agitation.

The Baron and Baroness de Granville had quitted the castle early in the morning, to indulge their parental feelings in the Temple of the Fairies, and thus the castle was left without a leader to direct its defence; but the excellent regulations established amongst the domestics, and the high discipline of the men at arms kept

in the baron's service, prevented the sudden success which the insurgents and their leader expected from a surprise. The centinels on the watch towers gave the alarm of an enemy being at hand, just in time to raise the drawbridge, and to shut the gates; and the assailants lost many men by the missile weapons from the ramparts, before they succeeded in filling up the moat, in which, however, the dryness of the summer had greatly assisted them.

The undaunted courage of de Corbyn gave resolution to the most timid of his people, and at last they set fire to the gates that secured the entrance, by which they soon made their way into the outer court of the castle. This progress greatly inspirited them, and they advanced to attack the second defence, which was bravely maintained by the faithful adherents of de Granville, till at last the assailants, following the example of their leader, threw flaming brands into the interior of the castle, and set it on fire in several places.

In this state the baron and his lady first beheld their devoted habitation, on returning from the sight of their children. The baron eagerly pressed forwards, trusting to gain admission to the castle by a secret passage, which he hoped his enemies had not been able to discover; but Sir Hilbert de Corbyn, well used to military,

operations, had left small detachments of his followers to patrole round the walls, lest the baron or his lady, whom he expected to find within, should attempt to make their escape.—It was the fate of de Granville to encounter one of these small bodies of men, who, anxious to signalise themselves as well as their companions were then doing, attacked him without hesitation. The baron, though armed only with his sword, prepared to defend himself boldly: the baroness fainted away, and fell to the ground, when left without the supporting arm of her lord, whose attention was fully engaged by ten resolute assailants, and some of the less courageous of de Corbyn's people, fearing the desperate blows with which the baron resisted the attack of his adversaries, seized the unconscious baroness, who, they judged, by the richness of her attire, would be an acceptable prisoner to their leader: they hastened, therefore, immediately to join the victorious chief in the court of the castle, though their progress was frequently interrupted and greatly delayed by the convulsive struggles and agonized sobs of their lovely but unfortunate burden.

The Baron de Granville soon laid two of his enemies lifeless on the ground, and in a short time disabled four more, though not without receiving some slight wounds; but as his uncon-

querable mind seemed not in the least affected by his loss of blood, or by the odds that yet remained to engage him, his adversaries began to hesitate. He seized this happy moment, and, advancing resolutely upon them, so intimidated all four by his bravery, that they immediately fled. De Granville now looked round for his fair companion, and though greatly alarmed at first at not seeing her, he concluded that she must have made her way into the castle by the secret way with which she also was acquainted; he flew therefore to the well-known avenue, and, rapidly tracing it, reached the inner court, where his men at arms were just beginning to retire before their numerous foes, for want of that assistance which they at first received from the domestics, who were now employed in extinguishing the flames.

The baron gave a shout to encourage his people, and, taking a buckler from one of them, advanced, wounded as he was, to the front of the party. Every blow he gave laid an enemy dead before him, and so stopped the fury of the assailants, while it encouraged his own men.—De Corbyn saw with rage the new turn his prospects had taken, and rushed eagerly to engage the newly arrived combatant. The baron advanced his shield to receive the blow that he saw levelled at him, hoping to put it completely

aside; yet it fell with such irresistible fury, that it cut the shield in two, and wounded de Granville deeply in the arm. Stung to the soul with this first success of his opponent, the baron made a feint to cleave the head of Sir Hilbert, and, having thus thrown him off his guard, gave such a mighty blow on his left side, that it penetrated his cuirass, and almost cut him through the body. De Corbyn fell, and with him fell the hopes of his party, who began now to retire in disorder, closely followed by the defenders of the castle.

The supporters of the still insensible baroness had just reached the side of the moat where their companions had passed it, when they were met by the fugitives, with tidings of defeat.—They resolved to fly also; but took with them their fair prisoner, hoping to procure from her a valuable consideration, by way of ransom, and pardon for the part they had taken in the business. They hurried away, sometimes carrying, and sometimes even dragging, the baroness, whom this rough treatment at last recalled to her senses: she looked wildly round, and finding herself in the hands of strange men, began to utter loud and piercing cries. This alarmed the ruffians greatly; for they feared the sounds might be a guide to their pursuers, and that, by the recapture of the lady, they might lose the

advantages they expected from detaining her: the boldest of them, therefore, put his knife to her throat, and threatened to sever her head from her body if she again uttered the least noise. Terrified, she submitted in heart-breaking silence, and they travelled by intricate ways till the close of day, and then stopped to rest themselves in a thick wood.

The baroness, fatigued and exhausted, stretched herself on the ground, dreading the melancholy fate that seemed to await her: one of the party was sent out to procure some sort of food, and the others remained debating on the plan they should pursue; by which she had the consolation, small as it was, to learn that the enemies of her lord had been driven from Granville castle. The scout at length returned, before any plan had been resolved on, and brought with him a supply of coarse bread, and a pitcher of beer. This they divided amongst them, and soon consumed, and they resolved to seek a short refreshment in sleep, having first, by way of security, tied a cord round the waist of the baroness, and fastened it to the arm of one who appeared to be the principal of them. The labours they had undergone during a day and a night, soon plunged them in forgetfulness, and left the unhappy lady to meditate on her own misfortunes, and

on the uncertain fate of her lord, whom she had seen, as she now recollected, engaged in so unequal a contest. She traced and examined every occurrence minutely, and she found that there was yet a possibility that de Granville had not fallen. Such an idea inspired the wish to ascertain it, and that again led to a desire of liberty.—She observed each of her companions, as well as the yet remaining twilight would allow, and found them all fast asleep: she then, with a throbbing heart and trembling hand, drew from the side of one of them a large knife that he wore, and immediately cut in two the cord that was meant to detain her. She waited yet a few minutes in suspense and doubt; but observing that they all still slept, she darted from them out of the wood, with all the speed that her remaining strength and the love of life could give.

The lovely, the amiable Baroness de Granville was thus left to wander, unprotected and alone, at night, and in a part of the country where she was wholly a stranger: to this also was added the fear of savage and relentless pursuers. She travelled, however, for nearly an hour, often looking behind, but still without molestation, and at last began to relax her speed. However, as her fears subsided, the transient vigour they had inspired gave way,

and she felt incapable of supporting herself much longer. Fortunately, at this moment, she perceived a small stream of light from a cottage not far distant, and she reached the door, after great exertions. She panted and trembled at the thought of again encountering strange people, and she had not courage to knock; but her sighs had been audible to the good woman of the cottage, and she came out, asking, in a voice of true benevolence, if there was any one in distress.

The sound of a female voice was comfort to the afflicted lady, and she assumed courage to ask for shelter. The woman kindly helped her into the house, where she found the husband and three young girls preparing to eat a supper of some bread and cheese. The oldest child immediately got up and put a stool for the stranger, and the mother, with active kindness, presented her with a horn full of beer.—This the baroness tasted, through complacency; but finding it refreshed her, she tasted again, and then eat some of the brown bread offered her by the good man of the house.—There is a sympathy between virtuous minds, however removed from each other by rank, that lays the foundation for confidence and attachment in a moment. The baroness felt that she could trust these worthy people, and there-

fore, without hesitation, unfolded to them her situation.

The good cottager undertook to set out immediately for Granville castle, and, as he knew the country well, to bring intelligence early in the morning. This kind offer was made in a way that could not be refused, and he set out, after receiving a liberal present from the baroness, as well as a promise of further rewards.—In the mean time the good woman used every attention that a kind heart could dictate to soothe the anxious mind of her guest, and when her little stock of assiduities was exhausted, she asked if the baroness would allow one of her girls to endeavour to entertain her, by relating one of those tales that she had learned at school in a neighbouring town. The baroness expressed herself desirous to hear it, and the little girl began as follows:

THE STORY OF BELLINA.

THE NINTH TALE.

Some centuries ago, there reigned, in Armenia, a king, who being a widower, by the loss of a beautiful princess whom he had married, conceived a sort of aversion for all other women, and could not be prevailed upon to marry again. He had an only child, a princess, and bestowed all his care and attention on her education. She was so exceedingly beautiful, that the deceased queen, her mother, had given her the name of Bellina.

Ulicane, Queen of the Wonderful Promontory, celebrated by her beauty, and still more by her skill in the magic art, tried many useless ef-

forts to oblige this king to espouse her. She was descended in regular succession from Ulysses and Circe, and the wonderful enchanting powers of that famous fairy of antiquity had descended to her through many generations.

Ulicane had strong reasons for wishing to marry the king of Armenia: she knew that the little Princess Bellina would prove a thorn in her path, unless she could contrive some means to put her to death before she was ten years old. It was not, therefore, through any great love she felt for the king, that she wished to marry him; her inducement was the desire of getting the little princess into her possession.

There is nothing impossible to fairies. The queen Ulicane went to walk one day in a forest where she knew the king was hunting, and had caused herself to be followed by a most magnificent train of attendants; in the wood she had raised, by her fairy power, a number of splendid tents, in every one of which a superb repast was prepared. The king and his companions, fatigued with the chase, entered directly into the pavillions, and having gone through the form of being introduced, sat down to enjoy the refreshments; the king at table in the principal with the fairy.

The queen took an opportunity to infuse into the king's wine a certain liquid, that deceived

his eyes, and made him think she was the handsomest woman in the world. He was quite charmed with every thing he thus saw, and proposed directly to marry her; she did not suffer herself to be entreated, as one would have supposed, and never nuptials of this importance were celebrated with less preparation or ceremony.

It was not difficult for Ulicane to preserve the ascendancy she possessed over the heart of the king; especially as she bestowed many caresses on the beautiful Bellina, who was passionately loved by her father.

Bellina approached her tenth year, and the mind of Ulicane was continually contriving some means of destruction for her, that might be put in execution without hazard of discovery. She knew that if the princess attained her tenth year, she should no longer possess the gift of magic power she now enjoyed, and she communicated her apprehensions to a faithful servant and confidante named Pimantus. This man was as cruel and ferocious in disposition as a tiger; humanity had never touched his heart, and he was fit for any act of barbarity. Ulicane, after considering many schemes, at last confided the little princess to him, with injunctions to tie a large stone round her neck, and to throw

her into the sea; judging by this means there would be no traces left of her death.

Pimantus willingly undertook this murderous commission, and led Bellina by degrees to the sea shore; her smiling caresses softened not his sanguinary mind, and he stooped down to find a large stone to tie round her delicate neck.

At this instant the wind loudly roared, and the sky seemed to foretel a coming tempest; the sea threw its surges mountains high, and a furious whirlwind swept along the shore, carrying away every thing before it. Pimantus cast himself prostrate on the beach, to avoid being thrown into the sea. In a short time, however, the tempestuous wind subsided, and the troubled elements became perfectly calm: Pimantus rose, and running to that part of the shore where he had left the princess, was surprised at not finding her there; he searched and examined all the cliffs and rocks ineffectually, and at last returned home, making no doubt but that the violent whirlwind had thrown her into the sea, where she would inevitably be drowned. Ulicane eagerly enquired if the deed was done, and Pimantus readily replied, that he had thrown her into the sea, and saw her expire.

In the mean time the little princess found herself in a magnificent palace, where she was edu-

cated for several years. The queen Ulicane now found her art began to fail her; she no longer could compel mountains and rocks to obey her commands as usual, and she plainly perceived that the princess Bellina must still be alive. She sent immediately for Pimantus, and, without terrifying him by menaces, she used the gentle art of persuasion so effectually, that he avowed all. Ulicane went instantly to the learned Proteus, and by him was told that Bellina was in the Island of Whirlwinds, in the palace of the magician Tornado; but that she could not entice her out of it without the help of a beautiful boy of the same age and size as the princess. The queen went to many kingdoms, and, as her fairy power had not entirely left her, she transported herself into one of the royal palaces, from which she carried away a very beautiful prince, son to the king of Alperenza. She immediately conveyed him to the Island of Whirlwinds, and placed him near the palace of the magician Tornado: she then passed invisibly into the apartment where Bellina was sleeping, and threw about the chamber a certain perfume that would derange the mind of the princess for a short time. She was accustomed to sleep rather late, and, for the first time in her life, got up at the break of day. She ran about the palace like a lunatic; went

into the gardens, and stopped not till she met the Prince Nerredden, whom the fairy Ulicane had transported there; they regarded each other with eyes brilliant with pleasure, and holding out their arms, as if they had been long acquainted, they embraced with fervour, and seemed already, by their young arms, to form a chain that would attach them together the rest of their lives: they were mutually pleased with the interview, and walked towards the sea-shore, where they perceived a little gilt boat floating on the waves, and immediately ran towards it. The brilliant colours of the bark, and the inside, lined with white satin, made them resolve to enter it; but no sooner were they seated in it, than an attractive power hurried them along, like a strong current. In a few minutes they arrived at the wonderful promontory, where Ulicane was waiting for them, in great anxiety. She eagerly seized them both, and having given them to Pimantus, she commanded him to shut them up, each in a separate tower. The disappointment of the queen was so great, that she resolved to punish Bellina in every way imaginable: she saw, therefore, with pleasure, the growing passion that subsisted between her and the young prince, and thought that would be the tenderest point on which to distress her.

The Prince Nerredden was allowed to come

and see his favourite once every day. This manner of life lasted some time, and the love of this royal pair increased so much, that it was impossible to love more tenderly.

The king was much displeased at not seeing his daughter; but the crafty queen made him believe that, by her learning, she could perceive some misfortune hanging over the fate of Bellina, if she was not kept confined in that castle, and thus amused him with many tales, to hide the motives of her cruel conduct: the credulous king believed easily all that was said to him.

One day, when the young Prince Nerredden came to see the beautiful Bellina, he found her pensive and mournful, and perceived plainly that she had been weeping; the traces of tears were still remaining on her beautiful cheeks, and resembled the morning dew drops on the flowers of spring. "What is the matter with you, my princess?" said he, eagerly; "what has happened to make you so sad."—"I see you," answered the princess, "and I am now happy." "And how are you when you do not see me?" demanded the prince. "Till very lately," answered the princess, "I was happy even in thinking about you; but, for this week past, Pimantus takes me every evening into a place which is called the Isle of Misery, where I am obliged to bear a thousand indignities; and the

greatest of all my evils is, he threatens that I shall be denied the happiness of seeing you." These last words were accompanied by many sighs and tears. Nerredden assured her he would speak to the king and queen, and beg that they might not be separated; but what was the grief of the princess when, the whole of the next day, she saw nothing of the prince. "Ah!" cried she, "it is done: I shall never see him more." From that moment she became quite dejected, lost her appetite, and did nothing but lament and mourn. Suddenly a tempestuous wind arose in the room, the windows trembled, and those belonging to her apartment opened; the wind entered the room with a terrible roar, and the frightened Bellina was just on the point of crying out, when suddenly the figure of a beautiful young man stood before her. In one hand he held a trumpet, and in the other a silver wand. "I am Tornado," said he, "of a nature almost divine; I am one of those beneficent spirits who delight in rewarding virtue: my father is named Zephyrus. On account of my volatile disposition he gave me the empire of the air, in which I am able to fly from pole to pole in a second. I never come but in a whirlwind; the wicked tremble at my approach, and the good rejoice; it was I who saved your life, when the wicked Pimantus was going to destroy

you by throwing you into the sea, and you was preserved long in my enchanted palace, from whence you escaped by the cunning contrivance of the gilded boat made by your perfidious step-mother, the Queen Ulicane."—"You can then deliver me from her wicked machinations?" rejoined Bellina. "No, not absolutely," replied Tornado; "her power is still great; but take this trumpet: whenever you want my assistance sound it, and I will be with you instantly; but do not make use of it, except in the hour of danger; for although this trumpet is but half a foot long, its sound is so terrible, that the people that are within ten miles round fall stunned and senseless. The genius Tornado then gave her the trumpet, and, as he vanished, cried out, "To-morrow morning, by looking out of your window, you shall know the fate of your lover."

Bellina saw him depart, with some hope that he would frustrate the plans of the queen, and restore Nerredden to her wishes. She slept more tranquilly than usual, and in the morning rose very much refreshed; she ran eagerly to the window, and was surprised to see three large balls of snow, with a drop of blood upon each: on a nearer inspection, she saw on the blood of one, Nerredden in the power of the queen; in the second, Nerredden in gloomy obscurity;

and in the third was written these words, 'you have lost him for a short time; be patient and lament not." The poor princess was quite thunderstruck at these words, and wept a long time; but at last resolved to be patient, and follow the advice given her.

But to return to the Prince Nerredden: it was true that the fairy queen had him in her power. She took him out one day with a design to dismiss him, and send him so far that he could never return; accordingly, she took him through the air in her chariot, and after traversing many countries, she set him down at the foot of a mountain where two roads met. "It is here," said she, "that we must part: choose one of these roads; the one leads to obscurity, and is called the road of night, the other is called the road of day. If you follow the first you must bring me one of the ears of Morpheus, and if you follow the other, you must bring me a finger from a giant whom you will find asleep."—"Demand rather my death, Madam," said Nerredden, "than require me to do things that are impossible. But which road do you wish me to take?" The queen then pointed to the road of night, and waving her wand, he found himself in total darkness. In this state he continued the length of several days, for whenever he awoke, even after hours of sleep, still the

darkness made him conclude it was night. He knew no means of subsistence in this sombre place, and being almost famished with hunger, he sat down to wait for his last moment; resolving to die, like a true lover, thinking of Bellina. He was not, however, so occupied in thinking of his unfortunate passion, but that he perceived a light at a distance, which seemed rapidly approaching him; when it came nearer, Nerredden could perceive it was a page carrying a torch: he was extremely beautiful, and dressed in blue satin trimmed with gold lace. The little page went to the prince and gave him several refreshments, which quite restored his exhausted strength. Nerredden would have asked him many questions, but he was either not inclined to converse or was not allowed to do it, and left the prince without answering him.—This page never failed to come every twenty-four hours, bringing Nerredden provision sufficient to last him till his return, and thenceforward he counted the days by the visits of his provider. At length the prince, resolving to travel through the darkness, arrived at a large house, lighted up with variegated lamps. Nothing had ever appeared to him so vast and extensive as this building, which he entered, and having run through many of the apartments, at last came to one that was extremely magnificent

in the furniture, a large bed filled one half of the room, upon which lay an old man asleep: his countenance appeared mild and peaceable, and his brows were bound with wreaths of poppies. Nerredden immediately conceived this to be Morpheus; therefore, drawing his sword, he dexterously cut off one of his ears, and then rushed out of the castle. Now he began to perceive the first rays of morning; the sun rose with uncommon splendour, and dispelled the gloomy shades of night. Nerredden was overjoyed to find himself in day-light again: he continued his journey along the sea shore, not knowing where or in what country he was.—Suddenly a tempest arose, and it seemed as if a terrible whirlwind passed over his head; when instantly the Magician Tornado stood before him. He eagerly enquired how he had supported his journey, and told him it was through his means the little page brought him subsistence every morning; that the Queen Ulicane believed him dead long since for want of food. Nerredden thanked his protector, and enquired in his turn, news of the fair Bellina; Tornado satisfied his anxious curiosity, and waving his wand, an enchanted palace appeared in sight. "This is my residence," said he, "I always carry it with me wherever I go." They then entered the palace of the magician, where they

had sufficient time to refresh and converse.—Tornado diverted the prince by a recital of his many adventures, and Nerredden in his turn related the malicious schemes that the queen had employed against him. "Ulicane," said the magician, "meditates both your destruction and that of the princess; but I have so disposed my power, that I have no doubt I shall be able to save you."—"Ah!" replied Nerredden, "perhaps at this moment the cruel fairy is inventing the destruction of my Bellina.—Oh! Tornado! fly I entreat you to her assistance."—"Do not be uneasy," answered he, "I have given her a trumpet with which she will call me when she is in danger; but I understand you, you wish to see her; come then, your wish shall be accomplished."—Saying these words the palace rose into the air, and dark thick clouds surrounded it with a mist impenetrable to mortal eyes: a furious whirlwind arose, and the prince felt himself moving rapidly through the air. At length they stopped, and Tornado, with his companion, went immediately to the palace in which the princess was confined. They found all the entrances vigilantly guarded by terrible dragons and fiends; but the enchanter knew well how to appease the monsters; he threw about him a certain liquid, which raised a thick vapour, and thus

with the prince passed unobserved into the building. They entered silently one of the apartments, and approaching a bed that stood in the middle of it, they beheld the beautiful Bellina. She was asleep, and perceived not the entrance of her lover. It was summer, and the curtains of her bed were undrawn, one arm supported her head on the pillow, and the other seemed to retain modestly the drapery that covered her.

A lamp burning near the bed, shone upon her face, and the prince, transported at the sight, threw himself on his knees by the bed side, and, not being able to restrain himself, seized her lily hand, and imprinted on it a kiss: the princess, waked with the motion, suddenly started up; but at this happy moment the furious queen Ulicane entered the chamber.

Her countenance was distorted with contending passions; she rushed furiously upon the prince, and would have sacrificed him to her fury, but for the watchful care of Tornado, who, by his magic art, rendered them both invisible, and seizing the Prince Nerredden, the vaulted ceiling opened, and they disappeared. "You know well how to call me when you want my assistance," said the magician to the princess, as he disappeared.

Ulicane, at their departure, lost all patience.

She went immediately to her husband the king, and represented to him the conduct of his daughter, in such strong terms, and with such exaggeration, that the simple king desired her to do what she pleased with his daughter. The enraged queen, now finding herself absolute mistress of Bellina, went instantly to her, and put her in the Island of Misery, under the care of Pimantus. This cruel savage placed her in the trunk of an old tree, which grew in the centre of the island: every night he fed her with ditch water, with bitter roots, and with beans.—All the birds, whose appearance predicts ill fortune, were perched upon this tree: the screech-owl uttered her mournful cries, the bat fluttered round the tree with his sable wings, and numbers of small birds dropped their excrement on her head.

Thus she suffered in complete solitude, consoled only by the thoughts of Nerredden, being safe under the protection of the genius Tornado. One day, while reflecting on her situation, she thought that death would be an acceptable release from her present suffering, when turning her eyes round, she perceived at a distance the fairy queen with her favourite Pimantus; she held in her hand a long cord, and was followed by two dwarfs: they advanced rapidly towards the tree. Bellina no longer doubted but that

her last hour was at hand, and whatever firmness of mind she might boast of, yet, at this moment, she trembled with fear, and a lively presentiment made her raise the trumpet to her mouth, which she sounded with all her strength.

The sound that it made was so prodigious, that it causd a general earthquake; many towns were swallowed up, the highest mountains fell, and filled the neighbouring vallies; the lions and tigers became at this moment as peaceable as lambs, and the birds, as they skimmed through the air, dropped suddenly down with fright, and thousands of people died with apprehension; even the fairy lost her senses, and fell in a swoon to the ground, while Pimantus and the dwarfs burst and expired. Suddenly the tempestuous wind arose, and Tornado with the prince appeared; the tree in which the princess was confined changed instantly to a magnificent palace: but Nerredden did not lose the opportunity now afforded him; for, seeing the fairy Ulicane insensible, he rushed towards her, and kneeling on her breast, plunged his sword in her heart. "It is not in your power," said Tornado, "to put an end to her existence, since she is a fairy, but," added he, placing the ear of Morpheus under her head, "she shall sleep for seven hundred years, till a beautiful princess, a

humane as this wretch is cruel, born to reign over the western Isles, shall awake her. In saying these words, he removed her into the palace, and placed her on a couch.

Ulicane thus remained in a state resembling death, and the King of Armenia dying soon after with remorse and shame, Bellina and Nerredden were crowned sovereigns of the country, and lived long to shew their gratitude to the genius Tornado, by becoming the benefactors of mankind.

The Baroness de Granville expressed herself in the most obliging thanks to the little cottager, for the narration which, though extremely simple, had been delivered with so much modesty and interesting sweetness by the child, that it could not fail to give pleasure to a mind like that of the noble auditor. She resolved, therefore, in the event of her reestablishment at Granville castle, that she would endeavour to prevail on the parents to let their daughter come to remain with her: it was, however, a proposal she could not make, while doubtful of the fate of her lord.

The night was now far advanced, and the good woman of the cottage wished to persuade her guest to take some repose, which, however,

she recommended with great diffidence, seeming to doubt the suitableness of the accommodations for a person of rank. "The bed is very humble, good lady," said she, "but it is clean." The Baroness de Granville, in her present state of suspense and anxiety, was little likely to think of repose; yet, rather than give pain by the refusal of an offer so kindly made, she suffered herself to be led into another small apartment, where she took possession of the bed usually occupied by the children. Here she lay, revolving in her mind the eventful history of the preceding day, and enduring the most painful inquietude for the uncertain fate of her lord; till, at last, overcome by the fatigue which she had sustained for many hours before, she sunk to sleep, and to a perfect forgetfulness of her unhappy situation.

The body that has made great efforts will have its correspondent share of repose, and thus the baroness slept till late the next morning. She had scarcely quitted her bed, and joined the good woman and her daughters, when she was started by the entrance of the cottager, just returned from his errand of enquiry. The heart of the baroness throbbed with a quickened pulsation; and, though she wished to know all, yet she feared to ask what tidings he brought: he perceived, however, her apprehensions, and has-

tened to relieve them. "Lady," said he, "the valour of your lord has driven out the enemies of his castle, and he is gone in pursuit of them: the servants have succeeded in extinguishing the flames, and have found that the damage which has been done, though considerable, may be repaired in a few weeks."

The baroness, whose feelings had been wrought up to a high pitch, now found relief in a shower of tears; and being thus tranquillised, she asked innumerable questions, which the honest cottager was unable to answer; for his solicitude to comfort and relieve the distress of his guest had been such, that as soon as he learned the castle and its lord were safe, he set out immediately on his return. They all then sat down to partake of such humble fare as the cottage afforded for breakfast, and to discuss the means by which the baroness should be conveyed back to the castle. The distance was too great for her to think of attempting to walk it; though women were then not so enfeebled by artificial refinements as at present, and the poor cottager had no beast to offer. This long remained a serious difficulty; till at last it was recollected, that the lord of the domain, who had many daughters, would probably lend a palfrey for the baroness, and the cottager set out immediately to make the request.

In less than two hours he returned, bringing with him a horse handsomely caparisoned for the baroness, and a servitor well mounted to attend her: to these also were added, many compliments of civility and offers of further service. Full of anxiety now to learn further tidings of her lord, she took an affectionate leave of the family that had so kindly sheltered her, and mounting the palfrey, proceeded towards Granville castle full of trembling expectation.

As soon as the approach of the baroness was perceived, a shout of joy announced the tidings to all in the castle, and the draw bridge was immediately let down to admit her. The servants and dependents of every description crowded round their beloved lady, whose amiable manners had endeared her to every heart, and foremost of all came her confidential waiting woman. "Where," demanded the baroness, "where is my lord the baron?" "He is gone, madam," answered an officer of the guard, "we suppose, in pursuit of our enemies, and taken part of his men with him; while we were left here to remove the dead bodies, to take care of the wounded, and to defend the castle against any surprise." This answer seemed to satisfy the baroness for the present; and having made a suitable remuneration to the servant that had attended her home, and sent her grateful

acknowledgments for the loan of the horse, she dismissed him into the care of her people, to be refreshed and entertained before his return. Having discharged this duty, she proceeded to her apartments; which, being quite in the interior of the castle, had suffered nothing from the flames. Here she learned from her attendant every circumstance she was so anxious to know respecting the attack and defence of the castle; but she learned also that the baron was wounded in the engagement with de Corbyn, and the intelligence filled her with a thousand apprehensions.

The night closed in without any news of de Granville, and the dawn of the next day found his afflicted lady in the same dreadful suspense. Towards noon, however, some of the men at arms, who had assisted in the pursuit, returned; but these brought no consolation: for they had been separated from their lord by a strong party of the fugitives, who took advantage of a favourable ground to make a stand; and, after fighting their way through the enemy, had returned to the castle by a circuitous way, expecting to find the baron already arrived. The lady de Granville was nearly distracted: she sent out men in every direction, through the surrounding country, to bring intelligence, and dispatched to the king a statement of the affair

that had taken place; but all her messengers returned without bringing the least information of the baron to ease her tortured mind, and day after day passed on in the same dreadful incertitude.

At length, however, it became requisite to attend to the necessary repairs of the castle; and workmen of all kinds being collected, the baroness, assisted by her warden and steward, gave directions for what was to be done. This occupation, by employing her thoughts, in some degree tended to mitigate her feelings, though nearly a month had passed in this state of widowhood, and though, as yet, no prospect appeared of its termination. The baroness now looked with eagerness for the arrival of that day, when she might be again permitted to visit the fairy Benina; trusting that, besides the pleasure of again embracing her children, she should gain, from the superior knowledge of the fairy, some information of the fate of her lamented lord.

The morning sun, that rose to enlighten the first day of the following month, saw the lady of Granville castle hastening with impatient steps to the temple of the fairies. She found the grotto open as she had been accustomed to find it, and passed on to the splendid saloon, where she was met by the fairy, leading the

two children. The baroness, threw herself on the ground, and clasping them both in her arms, began to weep excessively. Reginald and his lovely sister joined by sympathy in their mother's tears, though ignorant of the cause; and this scene had long continued but for the interference of Benina. "What!" said she, "will the mind of the baroness de Granville thus sink under a calamity that is yet but in apprehension? How are mortals to bear the real presence of those many sufferings to which their nature makes them liable, if they indulge in violent sorrow at the contemplation of distresses, that probably exist but in their own imaginations? Rise, then, lady, and trust that heaven will protect the baron because he is virtuous; nor think that the obscurity which at present conceals his fate from your knowledge is pregnant with evil to you or him. The true worth of virtue, like that of fine metals, is not ascertained till it has gone through severe trials."

The baroness rose, corrected by the admonition of the fairy, and endeavoured to assume an appearance of tranquillity and resolution; and by way of engaging her attention from more serious contemplations, asked her little son to continue the story in which they had been so unfortunately interrupted. They accordingly advanced to the picture, which seemed to have

remained uncovered, and Reginald, with infantine grace, which none but fairies can teach, thus related

THE CONTINUATION OF

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

Garandane trusted that the volumes of smoke and flame which the dragon discharged upon the youthful Armorine, would so far overpower his senses, as to render him incapable of defence; and, encouraged by this hope, he made a thrust at him with a lance, which he well knew no common armour could resist. Armorine, however, as active as he was brave, with one unexpected stroke of the enchanted sword, which he still carried, cut off the head of the lance, and made a deep wound in the thigh of his adversary. But the situation in which his adored princess still lay, engaged all his thoughts to release her, and making a second blow, with strength that nothing could resist, he cut the head of the dragon in two; so that the monster fell to the ground, overturning his infamous rider, and leaving the princess at liberty to rise. She sprang, unhurt, from the ground, and would have poured out her grateful thanks and applauses to Armorine; but he knew that the danger was not past while the enchanter still

lived; and, hastening to the wretch as he lay on the ground oppressed by the scaly load, plunged the point of his sword into his heart.

As Garandane expired, all his enchantments seemed brought to a close: the sword that Armorine held fell from his hand, and shivered to atoms; the mountain on which the castle stood shook as if moved by an earthquake, and the whole fabric of the immense building tumbled into a heap of ruins. The terrors excited by such a scene overpowered the agitated princess, and her champion ran eagerly to support her sinking form. He clasped her in his arms, and, undaunted, bore her through the intricate avenues of the falling pile, though thick and noxious vapours spread around a general darkness. Nothing, however, is impossible to courage and perseverance, and he reached, with his lovely burden, what remained of the great hall, the last of the castle, which he was about to quit, when he observed, through the glimmering light that began to dawn upon them, the aged captive whom he had seen on his first entrance. "Glorious prince," said the old man, "for such you must be, since you have achieved what was destined to one of royal race, allow to a feeble and decrepid sufferer the consolation of entering with you into a world to which he has long been a stranger.

Armorine stopped, and finding the princess considerably recovered from her terror, he supported her on his arm, waiting for the aged prisoner, who advanced with tottering steps to join them. They then proceeded out of the shattered portal, expecting to encounter the fatigues of a difficult descent down the most rugged precipices; but when they had quitted the precincts of the castle, they were surprised and delighted to find the sun shining in full splendour, and the descent into the plains below no more than a winding path down a beautiful green declivity. They pursued the way without hesitation, and soon reached the valley, which they found beautifully interspersed with groves of aromatic trees, intermingled with every kind of fruit tree, bearing in profusion its ripe and delicious treasures. The heat of the sun now became oppressive, and as Armorine observed a transparent stream gliding silently through the fragrant shade of a little grove not far distant, he led his companions towards it, supporting one on each arm, and soon saw them seated under the shade of an orange tree, calculated to afford both nourishment and shelter. "Madam," said he, addressing himself respectfully to the princess, "I have been so happy as to accomplish your deliverance, which occasions me more joy than I can describe. I was bred to

the humble employment of a shepherd, and have nothing to boast of but that I was particularly called, by some invisible power, to your aid. I shall feel myself highly honoured, if you will allow me to devote the rest of my life to your service, even in the meanest capacity, or if you will command me to undertake any enterprize, however perilous, for your re-establishment."

"Brave and generous youth," answered the princess, blushing, "I cannot but doubt the account you give of your original, and believe that you are deceived respecting it. But, as the burning heat of the sun will give us yet some hours of leisure, I will give you a narrative of my life, which will, I am persuaded, obtain me your pardon for my doubts." The princess then began.

THE

HISTORY OF PRINCESS ZERMINA.

My father is king over a very rich and populous territory, divided from this by a range of hills, on one of which Garandane built his castle, after having raised it by his art to the appearance of a rugged and almost inaccessible mountain. Many very extraordinary circumstances attended my birth, and seemed to point me out as one destined to a life of great vicissitudes.

Beneficent fairies, even from the most distant countries, were invoked to attend at the ceremony of celebrating my birth; and as both the king and queen had ever been ready to shew kindness to such fairies as came in their way, those who were assembled on my account seemed anxious only as to which should endow me with the most extraordinary gifts. But I will pass over what they then did for me, only observing that one of the fairies promised me the possession of extensive knowledge, which gift I valued above all the rest that were bestowed on me, and have sought, ever since I was conscious of reason, to improve my mental powers on all occasions, so that I believe I had obtained some credit for superior knowledge before I was fifteen years old. My person, too, and the reputed wealth of the king, my father, caused me to be sought in marriage by many lords and princes of the neighbouring states; but engaged as I was in the most delightful study of the sciences, I refused to listen to them, and even declared that I never would consent to marry any man whatever. My obstinacy, I fear, caused my parents great uneasiness, because they had no other child; and in their distress went to consult a fairy who resided near their capital. The fairy told them, that I should not change my single state till I met with a prince whose

knowledge was equal to my own; that I should suffer many trials and a long captivity, and that I should at last be released by the prince who was destined to be my husband.

At this time Garandane appeared at my father's court, in the character of a foreign prince, attended by a splendid and numerous retinue. He had assumed the form of an agreeable young man; and by his courtesy, as well as by the rich presents he made, succeeded in gaining the favourable opinion of my father and mother, and indeed of all the court. The king, who was delighted with his offers of alliance, introduced him to me as one he wished to admit into his family, and frequently gave him opportunities of urging his suit; but if I refused many alliances before out of mere love to my studies, I was now more positive than ever, since I knew that the fairy had predicted for me a prince equal to myself in wisdom; and, with the vanity peculiar to young minds, I fancied my own acquirements to be very great. I therefore refused my new suitor, as I had done others, in the most peremptory manner. He continued, however, at court, persecuting me with his solicitations at every opportunity, till at last I resolved not to appear again during his stay. When this my determination was known to him, he went in a rage to my father, demanding that

I should be delivered up to him, and threatening vengeance if I was refused. The king, equally unwilling to force my inclination, and at the same time thinking his dignity insulted, gave him a positive rejection, and forbad him the court. After this, I enjoyed some days of tranquillity, pursuing with unabated eagerness the various studies that form my sole happiness and my delight.

One evening, on which I had been reading in the king's library till a very late hour, a messenger came to me, to say that my father required my attendance in a distant part of the palace. Accustomed to the most perfect obedience to the commands of my parents, I obeyed immediately, without taking time to consider how improbable it was, that his majesty should be in so unsuitable a part of his residence as that where I had been requested to attend him, or indeed without reflecting on the improbability of his being up at midnight. I passed on through the galleries that were formed all round the building; but the messenger, who attended me with a torch, said the king was very urgent to see me, and advised me to shorten the distance by crossing one of the open courts that separates the royal apartments from the offices. With as little consideration as before, I followed his counsel, and crossed the court, which brought us

to a narrow passage, which I also entered, preceded by my guide. As we quitted this avenue, my companion extinguished his light, and looking round, I perceived myself to be in the fields. This surprise soon brought me to recollect my want of precaution, in trusting myself, in the darkness of night, to the care of one whom I did not recollect to have seen before; and I stopped, demanding of the man, where he had brought me, and how he dared to make use of the king's name. "The king, madam," said he, "is conversing with the lord Garandane in yonder grove, and waits impatiently to see you."

The whole treachery was now explained, and I sprang to regain the passage I had just quitted, in hopes of being able to secure my person from any forcible attempt; but the wretch, perceiving my intention, with equal quickness seized me in his arms, and carried me, notwithstanding my cries, to the grove which he had spoken of as the place of my destination. No sooner had I entered the gloomy shade than I was accosted by a voice which I knew to be that of Garandane. "Proud princess," said he, "you are now in my power. The palaces of kings are sacred, and are defended from the attacks of malignant spirits; therefore I have deluded you to come within my reach, and now you are mine."

In saying these words, he placed me before him on the back of a horrible dragon, and we passed rapidly through the air for some minutes, at the end of which we alighted on the summit of a craggy mountain, and Garandane carried me through the great hall into the banquetting room, which no doubt you have seen. Every thing was set out with the most splendid magnificence and profusion, to allure the senses and excite the appetite; but the numerous lights that were distributed in great numbers round the apartment shewed me the figure of my ravisher, and I shrunk with horror from the sight. His form was no longer that of a princely youth, accustomed to the manners of courts—it was the semblance of a decrepid old man, bending with a weight of years, while his eyes and whole countenance appeared enflamed with all those detestable passions that female innocence has so much cause to dread. I shrieked as I viewed him, and instantly turned to run out of the place; but even the appearance of a door was not to be found, and at last, fatigued by the exertion, I sunk breathless on the ground. The wretch hobbled to me as I lay, holding to me a goblet, the contents of which he entreated me to taste; but I knew that he had once betrayed me, and, fearing lest he should again triumph, I dashed the cup from his hand. This he bore.

without anger, and even endeavoured to sooth me by the most tender yet respectful language. "Lovely princess," said he, "be pacified, and rest assured that I am the most devoted of those that adore you. When first I beheld you, I sighed for an union with you; but when I had enjoyed the opportunity of observing the extent of that wonderful knowledge that you possess, I found it impossible to exist without you. Nor think that I appear always the miserable creature I am now, this figure is imposed on me as a pennance by a malicious fairy, more powerful than myself, and I am sometimes obliged to wear it; but the moment you shall have blessed me with your love, I shall regain my proper form, and appear to your eyes beautiful, young, and elegant."

I paid little attention to this address, of which I believed not one word, but continued to reproach and revile him, till at last the wretch could dissemble no longer, and he burst into the most violent rage, threatening me with death, and even with torments still worse than the loss of life, if I persisted in rejecting him. All these, too, I equally disregarded, and finding he made so little progress in his suit, Garandane touched me on the forehead with a ring that he wore, and I instantly became insensible.

Surprise and terror seized my heart, when,

on recovering the use of my senses, I found myself alone and a prisoner, in that tower from which your heroic valour, noble prince, at last released me; but I soon felt a degree of consolation in thinking that I had escaped, for the present, the dreadful attacks of a wicked monster. Garandane did not attempt to visit me for several days, and, in the mean time, every kind of accommodation that I could desire appeared before me, as soon as the wish for it was formed, and vanished again the instant I ceased to take pleasure in it. Thus provisions, apparel, musical instruments, and even books were supplied me as though I had a thousand invisible servants attending me.

At length the author of my misfortunes appeared once more before me, and, as I received him with less shew of disdain than I had displayed before, he took it as a mark of encouragement, which induced him once more to solicit me. This excited my anger, and I treated him with a degree of scorn that raised him soon to the highest pitch of fury. "Proud girl," said he, "thy fate is now decided, and force shall effect that which persuasion has failed to accomplish." So saying he extended his vile hand to touch me with the dreadful ring, when a flash of lightning penetrated the grating of my prison, and in a moment my guardian fairy stood between us.

"Wretch," said she, "dare not to transgress the bounds prescribed to thy presumption! It is permitted thee for a time to control the liberty of this innocent maiden, that her virtue, established by trials, may become the adequate reward of one who is destined to put an end to thy crimes and thy existence:" the fairy then drew her silver wand three times round me, and added, looking sternly on the enchanter, "no nearer than this shalt thou approach the object of my care." My hated persecutor retired, uttering the most shocking imprecations, and I prostrated myself on the ground to thank my kind deliverer; but when I raised my eyes to address her, the bright form was vanished, and I found myself alone. I sought then to calm my agitated mind by reclining on the sofa where I usually sat, and soon a soft languor stole over me, that lulled my senses into sleep. My fancy however seemed still to be actively employed in conjuring up scenes of peril, through most of which I seemed to pass unhurt, and I thought that at last I reached the borders of a thick wood, to which I felt an irresistible attraction. However, before I could enter its inviting shade, a monstrous tiger rushed upon me, and I was just sinking under his terrible claws, when a sudden blow, from a hand I had not observed to be near me, laid the creature dead at my feet: I looked up and beheld the

form of a young man in simple attire, whose image has been present to my mind ever since. My kind fairy suddenly appeared, and pointing to the youth, "This," said she, "is the prince whom fate had appointed to terminate your misfortunes, and to reward your virtue." Sweet strains of music then seemed to proceed from the wood that soothed my wandering fancy to forgetfulness, and I awoke soon after to find that it was but a dream, though the impression it left on my mind convinced me I was thus allowed an imperfect glance into futurity, to console me in the gloom of a long imprisonment.

From that time I spent two tedious years in the iron tower, during which I was frequently obliged to see the hateful Garandane; but as I knew myself secure from his violent attacks, and knew, also, that my confinement was not likely to be perpetual, I endeavoured to receive his visits with composure and even with indifference. "Your arm, brave and generous youth," added the princess, addressing Armorine, while deep blushes covered her beautiful face, "your arm opened the doors of my prison, and in you I beheld the true resemblance of the visionary form that rescued me from the fangs of the tiger.

Armorine was embarrassed how to reply to this address; his hopes, his fears, and his

admiration so swelled his throbbing heart; but ere he had collected courage to speak, "I see," said the venerable prince whom the young herd had released from fifty years' captivity, "I see, in the narration of this blooming maid, the strong and persevering hand of a wise and beneficent power, directing every occurrence to the accomplishment of peculiar felicity, ever the reward of that virtue which passes, without repining, through the hardships of long suffering. But the history of a young lady who lived in a kingdom adjoining that of my father, serves even more strongly to illustrate this principle, and, as the sun is yet too powerful for us to travel, I will, if you chuse, relate it to you."

Armorine, conceiving that this narration would for a time relieve his embarrassment, requested to hear the story, and the princess bowing assent, the aged prince began.

AURORA.

THE TENTH TALE.

THERE lived, formerly, a woman of quality, who had two daughters; the eldest, who was named Aurora, was as beautiful as the day, and her disposition as amiable: the youngest, who was named Sorina, was not less beautiful than her sister, but she was malicious, and found the greatest delight in making others unhappy.—The mother, too, had been extremely beautiful, but she began to grow elderly, a circumstance which gave her great uneasiness. Aurora was at this period sixteen years old, and her sister Sorina was twelve; hence the mother, fearing she should appear old, quitted the country in which she lived, and sent her eldest daughter a great distance off, that people might not see she had one so old. The youngest she kept at home, and with her went into another city, where she told every one who asked the age of Sorina, that she was but nine years old. However, fearing lest she might be discovered, Aurora was sent still further off, and the person who conducted her was ordered to leave her asleep in some solitary place. These cruel commands were punctually executed, and the beautiful girl was left by her inhuman conductor, when she had fallen asleep with the fatigue of the day's walk.

When Aurora awoke, and found herself alone in a dark wood, she began to weep bitterly; it was almost night, and having got up, she endeavoured to find her way out of the forest, but the more she walked, the more she bewildered herself, and at last got so much entangled, and lost in the thickets and recesses, that, tired with her fruitless exertions, she sat down, and again burst into tears. While she was in this distress, a light gleamed suddenly across the furthest part of the wood, and, directed by its rays, she arrived at the door of a small cottage, where summoning all the courage she was master of, yet, with a trembling hand, she knocked; the door was opened by a shepherdess, who asked what she wanted. "My good mother," said Aurora, "I beg you, in charity, to give me a night's lodging, for if I remain in this wood, I shall certainly be eaten up by the wolves."—"With all my heart, my lovely girl," answered the shepherdess, "but tell me, why are you alone at so late an hour in this forest?" Aurora related her history to the kind shepherdess, and asked, in concluding it, "Am I not very unfortunate in having so cruel a parent? And would it not have been better that I had died at my birth, than live to be so inhumanly treated? What have I done to the Supreme Disposer of events, that he should make me so miserable?"—"My dear child," answered the shepherdess,

"one must never murmur against the decrees of Providence; he is all-powerful, wise, and just, and loves us all who trust in him; therefore you ought to believe that he has permitted your misfortune only for your good. Confide in him, and let it be strongly impressed on your mind, that God ever protects the good, and that the unpleasant occurrences which they experience, are benefits in disguise; live with me, I will supply to you the place of a mother, and will love you as a daughter."

Aurora consented to this proposition, and the next day the shepherdess said to her, "I would give you a little flock to tend, but I am afraid it would fatigue you, so here is a distaff, with which you may amuse yourself by spinning." —"My mother," answered Aurora, "I am a young lady of quality, and have therefore never been taught to work"—"Take then a book," said the shepherdess. "I do not love reading," returned Aurora, blushing, being ashamed to confess to the disguised fairy, that she had not learnt to read as she ought to have done. She could not, however, avoid confessing the truth, and at last she told her benefactress, that when young she would not learn to read, and as she grew older, her time was filled with various other occupations. "You had many serious employments then," returned the fairy. "Yes

madam," answered Aurora, "I used to go every morning to walk on the promenade with my friends; after dinner I dressed myself; in the evening I remained at home to see company, then I went to the play, and at night to the masquerade."—"Truly," cried the shepherdess, "you had many amusing ways of spending your time, and, no doubt, you never grew tired of these occupations."—"Alas! yes," cried Aurora, "whenever I found myself alone, even for one quarter of an hour, a circumstance which I experienced sometimes, I was tired to death; but when we went out of town, it used to be much worse with me. I then spent all my time in dressing and undressing, to amuse myself."—"You was not happy then, even in the country," said the shepherdess. "Nor was I any happier in town," returned Aurora; "if I played, I lost all my money; if I was in an assembly, I saw my companions better dressed than myself, a thing which grieved me much; if I went to a ball, I saw my friends dance better than I did, and could occupy myself in nothing but in finding fault with every person, and in ridiculing the best dancers; in short, I never passed a day without some new cause for grief."—"Do not any longer accuse Providence in conducting you here," said the shepherdess, "you shall find that this solitude will

diminish more your griefs, than your enjoyments; but this is not all the benefit you will derive from it, had you remained at home, you would have become, in the end, yet more miserable; as we are not always to continue young, when you grew old, you would still have entered into your youthful pursuits, having no other means of passing the time, and would have been ridiculed and laughed at by all your acquaintances; so true it is, that when elderly people enter gaily into the amusements and pleasures of youth, young ones never fail to mock and deride them: one cannot, therefore, always dance or dress gaily, and this would have made your life insupportable."—"But my good mother," answered Aurora, "though this may be very true, one cannot always remain in solitude, or alone; for a day would seem to me more than a year, if I was without company."—"Pardon me, my child," returned the shepherdess, "I am alone in this cottage, and years seem to me to pass away like days: if you are desirous of learning it, I will teach you the secret by which you will never find your time too long."—"I wish it most seriously, and should be delighted to know it," said Aurora, "you may direct me to do any thing you think proper, and I will obey you." The fairy, profiting by the favourable disposition of the young lady,

prescribed to her, in the most minute terms, what she was to do every day. All of it was divided in prayer, reading, working, and walking. There was no clock in the old woman's cottage, and Aurora never knew what hour it was; but the fairy, who knew the time by the sun, told her, at the usual hour, that it was dinner time. "My mother," said she, "you dine early, it is not long since we breakfasted!"—"And yet it is two o'clock, and we have been up ever since five;" answered the old shepherdess, "but when one's time is occupied in useful pursuits, it passes very quickly, and we find even the longest day too short for us." Aurora, charmed to find that in future her time would never hang heavy upon her hands, applied most assidiously to her labours, and to the study of reading; and already she found herself much more happy in her country occupations, than in the midst of her gay companions, and amusements in town. "I see well," said she to the shepherdess, "that God does every thing for our good. If my mother had not been unjust and cruel to me, I should have remained in a state of ignorance, and the desire of pleasure, together with vanity and idleness, would have made me miserable and wicked."

Aurora had now been with the good old fairy nearly a year, when it happened that the king's

brother came to hunt in the forest where she tended her sheep. He was named Ingenuo, and was the best prince that ever existed; but the king, his brother, who was named Forbino, resembled him not in the least; for he was cruel and wicked, finding no pleasure so great, as that of deceiving his neighbours, and ill treating his subjects. Ingenuo was quite struck with the beauty of Aurora, and told her he should be extremely happy if she would consent to be united to him. Aurora also found him extremely pleasing, but she knew it would be wrong in her to consent to any such proposition, without consulting the shepherdess. "Sir," said she, "if what you tell me be true, you had better go and inform my mother, who is a shepherdess, and lives in the little cottage which you see down in the valley: if she is agreeable to your being my husband, I shall have no objection; for she is so wise and reasonable, that I never disobey her in any thing."—"My lovely girl," cried Ingenuo, "I will go to her immediately; but I should be sorry to marry you against your own consent, though she might agree to it; and I would sooner die than give you any uneasiness."—"A man who thinks so," returned Aurora, "is a virtuous man, and no woman can fail of being happy with one of that description."

Ingenuo quitted Aurora, and hastened to the cottage of the shepherdess, who, knowing the good character of the prince, consented, without any difficulty, to the marriage: he promised to return in three days to see them again, and departed, leaving his ring as a pledge of his constancy. When they were again alone, the shepherdess told her daughter, that it was not on account of the rank of their visitor, that she wished him to be her husband, but because he was one of the worthiest young men in the world. Aurora waited with impatience the return of the prince; but, on the next day, as she conducted her little flock homewards, she unfortunately fell into a bush, and tore her face in a most dreadful manner. Near the spot ran a small brook, to which she immediately flew, and saw with horror what a wounded spectacle her face appeared, from which the blood streamed on all sides. "Am not I very unfortunate," said she to the shepherdess, in entering the house; "Ingenuo will repeat his visit to-morrow morning, and will be sure to love me no longer, so much will he be disgusted by my horrible face. The shepherdess smiled. "Since God has permitted you to fall," replied she, "it is, no doubt, for your good, as you know that he loves you, and that he can tell better than you, what is necessary for your well-

being." Aurora acknowledged her fault, for one it certainly is, to murmur against the dispensations of Providence, and she said to herself, "If the prince Ingenuo will not marry me, most likely it is because I should not be happy with him."

In the mean while the shepherdess washed her face, and drew out many of the thorns which had remained in the flesh; but in spite of all their care, the next morning it was swelled and enflamed to such a degree, as to render her quite frightful, her beautiful blue eyes being no longer visible. Exactly at ten o'clock, which was the hour appointed for the visit, a coach was heard stopping before the door; but instead of the handsome and elegant Ingenuo, out came the crooked king Forbino. One of his courtiers, who had been hunting with the prince, had told him how his brother had met with the most beautiful female on earth, and had promised to marry her. "You are very bold," said the king to his brother, "in presuming to marry without my permission, and in order that you may be punished for your temerity, I will marry this beauty myself, if she turn out as handsome as they say she is." As he entered the cottage, he cried out, in a loud voice, "Where is your daughter, vile old wretch?" The shepherdess having no time to conceal

Aurora, brought her before the king. "Here she is, Sire; what is it you want with her?"—"What! that ugly wretch!" cried the king, "and have you not another daughter, to whom my brother has given a ring?"—"Here it is on my finger," said Aurora. At these words the king burst into an immoderate fit of laughter: "I did not think my brother had so little taste," said he, "but I am glad that it lays in my power to punish him." He then ordered a veil to be thrown over the face of Aurora, and sent one of his courtiers for the prince Ingenuo; "Since you love the beautiful Aurora, my brother," said he, as soon as the prince arrived, "it is my pleasure that you are instantly married to her."—"And as for me," cried Aurora, "I will deceive no one; look at my face Ingenuo; I am become very ugly within these three days; will you yet adhere to your first resolution of marrying me?"—"You appear more amiable than ever in my eyes," said the prince, "as I am now assured you are as virtuous as you was beautiful." As he spoke these words, he presented Aurora with his hand, and the malicious king laughed most heartily; "but, my brother," said he, "as I do not like to see monsters, I insist on your keeping here with your new spouse, and that you never bring her to my court on pain of death." Saying these words

he got into his carriage and left Ingenuo transported with joy. "Well," said the shepherdess, "do you now think yourself unfortunate in having fallen? If you had not met with that accident the king would have been in love with you, and would have put Ingenuo to death, in order that he might marry you himself."—"You are in the right, my mother, but nevertheless I am become extremely ugly, and I fear that the prince will regret having married me."—"No, I assure you," cried the prince, eagerly, "one may grow accustomed to an ugly face, but one can never grow accustomed to a bad disposition."—"I am charmed with your sentiments," said the shepherdess, "but Aurora shall still be beautiful; I have an elixir, which will cure her face in a few days." In short, at the end of three days the face of Aurora became as lovely as ever, but the prince Ingenuo begged she would always carry her veil, in case his wicked brother should chance, at any time, to see her.

In the mean while Forbino was seeking for a wife, and sent out many painters to different courts, in order to bring him the portraits of the most beautiful princesses and ladies of quality that they could find. He was the most delighted with that of Sorina, the sister of Aurora, and having sent for her to his court, he married

her. Aurora was extremely uneasy when she learnt that her sister was queen, for she knew the bad disposition of her heart, and her enmity towards her. At the end of a year Aurora had a little boy, which they named Prettinet; he was so clever and expert in every exercise, as well as every kind of learning, while quite an infant, that he became the idol of his parents' affections, and they could scarcely stir a step without him. One day, as he was sitting at the cottage door with his mother Aurora, the extreme heat of the day overcame her, and she sunk into a profound sleep, when she waked and looked around, her darling son was not by her side. In the utmost grief she looked every where, but in vain; he was no where to be found. Ingenuo was not less distressed at this unfortunate event than his lovely spouse; but the shepherdess made them recollect that misfortunes are only benefits in disguise. This, however, did not contribute greatly to their consolation, nothing was to be heard but lamentations and sighs. However, on the next day they were forced to allow that the shepherdess was in the right. Forbino and his wife, enraged at not having any children, sent a detachment of soldiers to murder their little nephew, and not being able to find him, they seized Ingenuo, his wife, and the shepherdess, and dragging them to the sea side, they

forced them on board a small boat, which they turned a drift on the wide ocean, leaving them to their fate. Aurora could scarcely believe the maxim of the old woman to be true when applied to this last occasion; but she resolved to bear with firmness every difficulty that might present itself, in the hopes that it was all for their good.

As the air was mild and tranquil, the bark continued to traverse the undulating waves for three successive days, with a motion so gentle that the fears of Aurora completely subsided, and they reached, in safety, a city built with great magnificence, that stood on the borders of the sea. The kingdom, of which this was the capital, had been long engaged in a bloody war with the sovereign of a neighbouring state, in which the enemy proving generally victorious, was now laying siege to this city, the last that remained to the defeated monarch.—Ingenuo, notwithstanding the strict blockade, contrived to make his way into the place, and throwing himself at the feet of the king, demanded a commission and troops to attack the besieging enemy. The unfortunate king immediately granted his request, and the prince, who was well acquainted with the profession of arms, ordered a sortie for the middle of the following night. He encouraged and animated his

soldiers by his example, as well as by his eloquence, and in the end was crowned with the happiest success.

The enemy, who little expected such an attack from an adversary they had beaten in every previous encounter, were seized with consternation and dismay at the first onset; while, on the other hand, the soldiers of the city, emboldened by finding their foe was not invincible, killed great numbers. At length Ingenuo engaged and slew the adverse leader, which put the whole army to flight, and thus delivered the city. When he returned from his victory the grateful king received him with open arms, and, having no children of his own alive, adopted him as his son, to the great joy of the people. Four years afterwards intelligence arrived, stating that Forbino was dead, through chagrin at the misconduct of the wicked woman whom he had inconsiderately married, and the report was immediately followed by ambassadors from the people, entreating Ingenuo to accept the crown. The love of one's native land is ever a prevailing passion in a virtuous mind, and Ingenuo could not resist the temptation he felt to become the means of rendering happy a people, amongst whom he was born. He embarked, therefore, immediately with his wife and the shepherdess, trusting that he should find the sea

as favourable to his passage now, as it had been before; but in this he was disappointed: a furious tempest arose, and after suffering many dangers and great hardships at the pleasure of the winds and waves, they were cast away on the shores of a desert island.

Aurora, become wise by former experience, repined not, or complained at these misfortunes: she believed and trusted that they were allowed only for her good. Having collected a little food of such roots as the country afforded, they then set up, on the beach, a post, to which they fastened the fairy's white apron, on purpose to attract the notice of such mariners as might be navigating the same sea. Towards the evening of the same day, while they were anxiously waiting in the expectation of relief, they saw a woman advancing to them, bearing a young child in her arms. Aurora had no sooner looked on the boy, than she knew him in a moment to be her son Prettinet: she demanded eagerly of the woman how the child came into her hands, and she answered, that her husband was a pirate, and lived by plunder; that being once in want of provisions, he had landed to procure them, and seeing the child had carried him away. She added that his vessel had been wrecked the day before upon this desert island, and that of all on board, only herself and the

child had escaped death. In this happy recovery of a lost son, the parents forgot for a time their own unfortunate situation.

Two days after, the signal of the white apron was observed, by a vessel that had been sent out in search of Ingenuo and Aurora, and the whole party being immediately taken on board, were safely conveyed to the land of their first destination. The people had erected triumphal arches to honour the arrival of their newly acquired monarch, and greeted him with every possible demonstration of love and joy. These happy dispositions he took care to confirm by a wise and virtuous reign, and, after continuing for many years to enjoy that happiness which arises from making others happy, he died, obtaining from his disconsolate subjects the just acknowledgment that he was the father and benefactor of his kingdom.

THE aged prince concluded his tale of Aurora, which seemed to leave, on the mind of his hearers, a strong impression of the lesson he wished to convey. The sun began to shoot his slanting rays through the grove, and the Princess Zermina rose with an apparent intention to depart. "Madam," said Armorine, with great hesitation, "my heart, as well as my arm,

are for ever devoted to your service, and I entreat the favour of being allowed to attend you to your father's court. If I could persuade myself of the possibility that I should ever be discovered to possess that rank which alone ought to claim alliance with you, I would not hesitate a moment to lay my aspiring hopes before the king."

Scarcely had Armorine finished speaking, when a radiant fairy form appeared before him, and the princess immediately recognised the person of her benevolent guardian. "It remains for me," said the fairy, addressing them both, "to clear up what relates to the birth of Armorine, who has proved himself well worthy of the princely rank to which he was really born." Armorine, on hearing these words, could no longer restrain the ardent passion he felt for the princess Zermina: he bent to the ground on one knee, and taking her fair hand, kissed it with respectful ardour. The fairy took no notice of his transports, but proceeded.

"In the kingdom of Noringapat reigned a wise and just monarch, whose whole time and study were employed in devising schemes to make his people prosperous and happy. With this view he sought to ally himself by marriage with a powerful prince, his neighbour, and his embassadors returned, loaded with presents, ac-

companied by the beautiful Telida, the king's daughter. The marriage was solemnized in a style of uncommon magnificence, and spread a general joy through the kingdom. But no one felt more sincere pleasure in this union than I did. The princess Telida had long been the object of my regard, for her incomparable virtue and her sweetness of disposition, and therefore when she gave birth to a son, who was called Armorine, at my request, I took upon myself to endow him. The happiness of the good king and his beauteous consort was such as few mortals have ever tasted, because few have so well deserved it; but, alas! it was of short continuance.

"The father of Telida was forced into a war to defend his dominions against a fierce and warlike invader, and he sent to demand succours from the King of Noringapat, who immediately collected his forces, and marched with incredible expedition to assist the cause of his father-in-law. The invaders, from being constantly in the habits of war, had obtained many advantages, and were hastening to besiege the capital, when the auxiliaries arrived. The skill and courage of your father, prince Armorine, soon stopped the enemy's progress, and even gave him some trifling defeats; but the king, having ventured one day too far, in a reconnoitring party, was shot

through the head by an arrow, and fell instantly dead. This was the signal of ruin to his unfortunate father-in-law, who was soon after taken, with the whole of his court, and put to death. The leader of the invasion, seated himself without opposition on the throne, and began to plunder the country under the various forms of revenue; but his ruinous exactions soon reduced the inhabitants to a state of complete poverty and wretchedness, so that he was obliged to seek for some new sources from which to supply the greedy expectations of his followers and dependents. The part which the king of Noringapat had taken in the late war was a sufficient pretence for attaching his dominions, and he entered them immediately with a numerous army.

"What could the queen Telida do in such circumstances as these? Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her beloved lord, deprived of her best officers and best troops, by the unsuccessful attempt to defend her father's country, she seemed without even the hope of succour. In a short time the enemy made himself master of the whole country, together with the persons of the queen and you, her infant son, both of whom he doomed to instant death; but when the royal victim was brought before him, in chains, to receive her sentence, the tyrant, whose

heart had never till now yielded to any soft emotion, was so struck with the beauty of the queen, that he resolved to marry her. She was therefore reconducted to her apartment, where she invoked, with the tenderest entreaties, my assistance to deliver her; but, alas! I had not then the power: the tyrant was protected by the magician Torgorigo, who delights in war and blood, and the sovereign Power permitted their enormities for a time. All I could do for the queen was, that, whenever the cruel monster looked upon her, she should fall into a deep sleep, and continue so while in his presence: to this I added, that, if ever he dared to touch her person, his hand that committed the outrage should instantly become motionless, and without sense of feeling. Rage seized the wretch, when he found his base designs thus thwarted: he called for his friend and protector, Torgorigo, to dissolve the charm, but in vain—my power to do good is controllable only by the will of heaven."

"The monster then determined to wreak his vengeance on the remaining victim in his power, and seizing your infant limbs, he ordered you to be thrown to a monstrous lion, whose den was not far from the city, and to whom all the convicts for capital offences had usually been given to be devoured. The command was faithfully obeyed, by one of his savage followers, and your

tender form was thrown to sate the cravings of the hungry lion. I followed lightly through the air, to watch for your preservation, and, as soon as the merciless agent of the tyrant had left you, I descended through the yielding rock into the cavern: I waved my powerful wand, and thereby suspended the outstretched paw of the angry beast, at the moment that he was going to tear you in pieces.

"I then carried you," continued the fairy, still addressing prince Armorine, "to a distant country, and placed you under the care of the old shepherd, who brought you up, and where I knew you would experience such hardships as must tend to confirm the amiable dispositions with which I had gifted you. Though I returned not to the cottage, as I had promised your reputed father, I constantly watched over you, as your soothing dreams, and as your adventures in the woods, may well convince you.

"But it is now time for you to appear in the capital of Noringapat, which is besieged by an immense army of the people, who, wearied out by long and uninterrupted oppressions, have risen against the tyrant usurper, and, grown irresistible by the enthusiasm of their resentment, have defeated his troops in every encounter."

As soon as the fairy had finished her narration, Armorine prostrated himself on the earth, and

poured out his gratitude in the most lively expressions. She raised him up affectionately, and placing the prince, the princess, and their aged companion, in a golden car, drawn by six white eagles, the fairy entered it herself, and they were immediately carried through the air, with a rapidity that scarcely left them the power of respiration.

After travelling thus for an hour, the car began to descend, and Armorine saw beneath him a large and magnificent city, filled with soldiers, great part of whom were employed in defending the walls against a host of assailants, who had made a considerable breach in one side, and were preparing to storm it. The fairy alighted, with her companions, in front of the popular army, and, shewing Armorine to them, cried out, in a voice that her power rendered audible to every soldier, "People of Noringapat, behold the son of your beloved and lamented king! I have preserved him in secret that he might come forth to lead you on in the hour of peril. Follow him, and victory is yours."

In an instant the fairy, with the princess and her aged associate disappeared, and left Armorine at the head of his countrymen. "My friends, my brethren," said he, in a tone that seemed more than mortal, "I am come to share the danger with you, and to save my country or

die. Follow!" He then seized a weighty spear, from a soldier who stood near him, and rushing towards the broken wall, was followed by his brave companions, shouting, "Liberty or death for our native land!"

Armorine mounted the breach like lightning, and his unlooked-for daring for a moment astonished and paralized the defenders of the city: he knew well to take advantage of this fortunate consternation, and pierced the foremost of his adversaries through with the lance; then drawing the sword with which he had been so miraculously supplied at the castle of Garandane, he soon cleared a space for his men, who crowded forwards to share the peril and the glory with him. The enemy rushed from all parts of the city to meet the attack, and the patriots of Noringapat also poured in through the breach. The conflict would then have been long and bloody, but that the valour and strength of Armorine overpowered all opposition: he slew great numbers with his own hand, and thus so encouraged and enflamed his men, that the supporters of the tyrant usurper fell like grass before the scythe of the husbandman, till only a small and desperate band remained, who had collected in a firm phalanx in the principal square of the city. Here stood their murderous leader, waiting the assault of his conquering adversary.

Armorine, with irresistible impetuosity, pressed on to the square; but what a sight was prepared to meet his view as he entered it! the wicked tyrant had caused the unhappy, but still lovely queen to be brought forth from the confinement in which he had detained her ever since his usurpation, and placing her in the front of his men, caused a dagger to be held to her breast. "Behold," said he, to the advancing patriots, "behold your queen! the first man that comes a step nearer, sends the dagger to her heart."—"Monster," cried Armorine, in a voice like thunder, "thy threats are vain, and thou shalt soon see how little we value the life of an individual, when compared with the salvation of our country."

Saying this, he raised his vengeful spear, and, taking aim as if he would pierce the breast of his trembling mother, changed his object instantly, and threw it with such force and exactness, that the fated weapon pierced the throat of the tyrant; thus fulfilling the justice of heaven, and revenging his own injuries.—The monster fell dead to the earth, and his men immediately kneeled to beg for mercy; while the people of Noringapat filled the air with shouts of "Long live our brave leader, the son of the good king."

The fairy now appeared in her car, drawn by

white eagles: she descended with her two companions, and presenting Armorine to his mother, explained to her, and to the surrounding multitude, the mysterious events by which an amiable son had been preserved to comfort the one, and a wise prince to protect and govern the other. "Armorine," said she to the young hero, as he remained kneeling and embracing the hand of his delighted mother, "your virtue well merits the reward that heaven has prepared for you: receive from me the hand of this lovely princess, whose father will be proud of your alliance; and you, O! queen, receive into your arms the most deserving pair that ever delighted the heart of a fond parent. Many years shall you enjoy their society, and that of their offspring, while the people of Noringapat shall forget, under the mild reign of my pupil, the loss they sustained in the death of his long-lamented father.

HISTORY OF

THE PRINCESS CAMION.

THERE were formerly a king and queen, who had but one child, and that being a son, soon became the object of all their attentions, hopes, and wishes. The queen, during fourteen years after the birth of her son, had no prospect of having another child. The prince was beautiful in his person, and so sensible, that he learnt without difficulty whatever his preceptors wished to teach him, and soon became highly accomplished. The king and queen loved him with extreme tenderness, and he seemed to be equally a favourite with their subjects, for he was affable and obliging to all that came near him: he was

called Zerphilis. The king and queen resolved to have him married early, that there might be a race of princes to inherit the throne, if, unhappily, their darling son should be taken from them.

Every search was therefore made to find a princess worthy of so great an alliance; but after a considerable time spent for this purpose, not one had been found, that was judged, in every respect, suitable. At length it happened that the queen was informed, a lady, close veiled, demanded to speak with her in private. The queen immediately hastened to her throne, that she might receive the visitor in state, and then gave orders for her admission; the lady advanced, without opening the white crape that covered her from head to foot, and when she reached the foot of the throne, "Queen," said she, "I am astonished you should think of marrying your son without first consulting me. I am the fairy Marmotte, and my name is sufficiently known in the world, to have reached you long ago."—"Ah madam," replied the queen eagerly, quitting her throne to embrace the fairy, "you will easily pardon my fault, when you know that I had always been taught to consider the wonders attributed to you, as mere tales of amusement: but now I entreat you to take up your residence in my palace, to believe that

I have every reliance on your power, and to grant me the favour of your advice."—"Fairies," replied Marmotte, "are not to be treated in this way: such an excuse may do amongst men; but I am mortally offended, and, for the first step in your punishment, I order you to marry your son immediately to the person that I have brought you."

The fairy then drew from under her veil a case, which she opened, and took from it a small enamelled doll, so pretty, and so beautifully formed, that the queen, notwithstanding her grief on the occasion, could not help admiring it. "This is my god-daughter, and I have always intended her for Zerphilis."

The queen burst into tears: she conjured Marmotte, by the most tender entreaties, not to expose her family to the derision of the people, who would not fail to make a mock of such a marriage. "What is it you say about mocking, madam," demanded the fairy, "we will soon see what cause there is for mockery and ridicule against my god-daughter; we shall soon see if even your son will not rather adore her; I assure you she deserves it, for she has a mind superior to any in your kingdom, and I know that when you have heard her converse, you will be of my opinion. Go, little princess Camion," said she to the doll, "go and speak to your mother-in-

law, that she may judge of your acquirements." The smiling little Camion then leapt on the queen's lap, and paid her some compliments in a manner so tender, so delicate, and so refined, that her majesty gave over weeping, to kiss and caress the wonderful little figure. "Hold, madam," said the fairy, interrupting her, "here is my case, put your daughter-in-law into it: I will grant that your son shall see and accustom himself to her, before he marries her, which I dare say will not be long; but remember that nothing less than your perfect obedience will mitigate my anger. If your husband should give any orders contrary to what I have directed, you may rest assured that all your family, and even your kingdom, shall feel immediately the effects of my resentment. Do not fail to put your daughter-in-law into her case early every evening, for it is of the greatest importance that she should not sit up late." At these words the fairy raised her veil, and the queen fainted away with fright, on perceiving under it a real monkey, black, hairy, and as large as a middle sized woman. Her women soon came to her assistance, but when she recovered from her fainting, she found nothing remaining of what had passed, but the little case which the fairy Marmotte had left her.

She was put to bed, and the king being in-

formed of her fainting, came in great terror to her apartment: the queen immediately dismissed her attendants, and, after shedding a torrent of tears, related to him the adventure that had just taken place; but the king could not persuade himself to believe it, till the queen shewed him the doll, which she drew out of the case for that purpose. "Just heaven," exclaimed the king, after having meditated for a short time, "can it be possible that kings are doomed to such heavy afflictions! Ah! we are raised above other men, only to feel more acutely the miseries attached to human existence."—"And to give examples of firmness and resignation;" added the doll, in a small but sweet voice. "My dear Camion," said the queen, "you speak like an oracle." At length, after a conversation of some time, it was agreed not to divulge the design of such a marriage at present, and to wait till the prince, who was gone a hunting for three days, should have resolved to obey the orders of the fairy, of which the queen undertook to inform him.

In the mean time the queen and even the king shut themselves up in private to converse with the little Camion. They found her mind embellished with the most rare accomplishments, and she spoke with an elegance that was irresistibly pleasing; yet the fixed appearance of

her eyes disturbed the queen extremely; for she felt that she already begun to love the little creature, and she feared that Camion would not be able to inspire the same regard in the breast of the prince her son. A month had now passed since the appearance of Marmotte, and the queen had not yet found resolution to shew to Zerphilis his destined bride. He came one day to her apartment before she was up: "Madam," said he, "the other day, when I was hunting, a circumstance occurred to me of the most extraordinary kind. It was my intention to conceal it from you, but it now seems so extremely unaccountable that I am determined to let you know it.

"I was following a wild boar with great eagerness, and I had followed him into the recesses of a thick forest, before I perceived myself to be alone: the animal threw himself suddenly into a hole in the earth, and my horse being close behind him, I fell in also, and continued descending, as I judge, for near half an hour.—At length I reached the bottom, without any injury to myself or my horse, but instead of the wild boar that I expected to find, I saw an ugly looking female, who invited me to dismount and to follow her. I hesitated not, and giving her my hand, she conducted me through a door, which I had not before perceived, into a saloon

of green marble where stood a golden cistern, covered with a curtain of richly embroidered silk: she raised the curtain, and I saw in the vessel a female of such dazzling beauty, that I thought I should have fallen to the ground, overcome by surprise and admiration. "Prince Zerphilis," said the lady, who was bathing in the cistern, "the fairy Marmotte has fixed me here by the powers of her art, and it is only by your assistance that I can be delivered."—"Speak madam," said I, "what can I do to succour you?—"You must," answered the beauty, floating with her head just above the surface of the water, "either marry me or flay me alive." I was as much surprised by the first proposal, as I was shocked by the last, and she seemed to read my embarrassment in a moment. "Do not imagine," said she, "that I jest with you, or that I propose to you an action of which you will ever have cause to repent—no, Zerphilis; be assured I am an unfortunate princess, whom a cruel and malignant fairy has determined to punish to the utmost extent of her power: she has transformed me from the waist downwards into the form of a whale, for having refused to marry her nephew, the King of the Whitings, who is as ugly as he is wicked; and she has condemned me to remain in this state till a prince, named Zerphilis, shall

have fulfilled one of the conditions which I have proposed to you. To accomplish this, I caused my maid of honour to take the form of a wild boar, in order to draw you here, and I am obliged to tell you that you cannot quit this place till you have fulfilled one of the alternatives. I have no power in the transaction, and Citronette, who is with me, will tell you the same."

"Judge, madam," continued the prince to his mother, who listened with great attention, "into what a state of thought I was plunged by this last address. Though the face of the princess, which was all I had yet seen, pleased and enchanted me, and even touched my heart by its interesting expression, I could not reflect without horror on the idea of being married to a whale; on the other hand, when I thought of the necessity of flaying her alive, it staggered my resolution, as much as the thought of for ever losing my liberty. At length, "Madam," said I, "is there no third way by which, however difficult, I may be able to accomplish your deliverance and my own."

I had scarcely finished these words, when the princess and her attendant made the saloon ring with the sound of their lamentable and piercing cries. "Cruel, ungrateful, inhuman prince," said the unfortunate beauty, "would

you then condemn me to suffer the pangs of seeing you sacrificed in a few moments? For if you refuse to grant me one of my two demands, the fairy has assured me that you will be instantly destroyed, and that I shall remain all my life in the form of a whale."—These reproaches touched me to the soul; she stretched her beautiful arms out of the water, and joined her fair hands together, supplicating me to release her from that miserable state of suffering and captivity. Citronette was prostrate before me, embracing my knees, and beseeching me to put an end to the sufferings of her unfortunate mistress. My resolution began to give way, and, "Madam," said I, "how is it possible that I can marry you here, without any means of performing the ceremony?"—"Flay me then," said the princess, "and I shall be equally grateful for the release it will afford me."—"Oh! flay her," said the other, embracing my knees more closely. In this perplexity what could I do? For when I sought by reflection how it became me to act, their cries increased, and I found it utterly impossible to distinguish even my own thoughts. At last, after many struggles, I looked upon the face of the weeping beauty, and saw in it so many charms, that I cried out, "No, divine princess, I will never hurt that delicate skin; I would rather marry you."

At these words joy spread itself over her lovely visage, but it was a modest joy, for she blushed, and casting down her eyes, "I shall never forget," said she, "the service you have rendered me, and you may expect every thing from the gratitude I feel for this your generous resolution."—"Let us lose no time," cried Citronette, "but tell the prince what he is to do."—"It is sufficient," said the princess, "that he give me his ring and receive mine in exchange; here is mine, receive it as a pledge of my constancy and truth." I had scarcely performed this ceremony, and kissed the beautiful hand that was extended to me for the purpose, than I found myself on horseback in the middle of the forest, and on calling my people, they all came instantly about me. I returned immediately home, too much astonished to be able to say a word of what had passed.

Since that time I have been conveyed every night by some invisible power to the green saloon in the bosom of the earth, where I pass the night with a person who has hitherto denied me the pleasure of seeing her. "It is not yet time," she says, "that I should know"—"Ah, my son," interrupted the queen, "is it then possible that you are really married?"—"But Madam," replied the prince, "though I love the princess infinitely, I would have sacrificed my

passion, if I could have got out of the subterranean confinement without marrying her. At these words, a little voice came out of the queen's pocket, saying, "Prince you ought to have flayed her, and your pity will, perhaps, prove fatal to you." The prince was quite confounded at this unlooked-for admonition. The queen tried in vain to conceal from him the cause of it; he snatched her pockets from a sofa on which they lay, and immediately drew out the little case, which he opened. The princess Camion came out of it on to the queen's bed, and the prince kneeled down by the side to consider her more attentively. "I assure you, Madam," said he to the queen, "I view in this figure an exact miniature of the dear object I have lately wedded. Is this then the method you chuse to take of shewing me handsomely that you disapprove my union."—"No, my son," answered the queen, "my regret is real, since you have exposed yourself to the most cruel misfortunes by the marriage you have contracted——for you are promised to the princess Camion, whom you see in my hand.

She then related to him all that had happened with the fairy Marmotte, to which the prince listened without interrupting her; so greatly was he surprised that his father and the queen

should surrender their judgments to so foolish a proposal. "Would to God, madam," said he, when the queen had finished, "that I had not entered into engagements contrary to those which you have prepared for me! But supposing I was still at liberty, and supposing even that I could love this little princess, how would your subjects submit to it!"—"Time is a great cure for every thing, Prince Merphilis," said Camion, "but it is done—you cannot marry me, and my god-mother, I fear, is one who will not quietly put up with a breach of promise: little as I am, I feel the unpleasantness of your situation, in which you have nothing to blame yourself with but want of resolution, and I will try if my representations cannot in some degree mitigate the anger of the fairy."

At these words Camion became silent; for she was fatigued with talking so much. "My dear little creature," said the queen, "I beseech you to repose yourself, that you may be able to speak to the fairy, when she comes to execute her threatened vengeance upon us: you are our hope, our consolation; and I shall think our punishment light, whatever it may be, if the fairy permit you still to remain with us." Camion felt her little heart moved by these tender expressions of the queen; yet being out of

breath, she could make no other reply than kissing her hand, which he wet with many tears. Zerphilis, too, was touched with this scene of tender distress, and entreated to be favoured with the hand of Camion that he might kiss it; she gave it with much grace and dignity, and retired into her case. The queen then rose to go and acquaint the king with what had just happened, and to consult with him about such measures as could yet be taken to secure them and the prince from the vengeance of the offended fairy.

The following night, Zerphilis, in spite of the numerous guards that were placed at every avenue to his apartment, was carried away as the clock struck twelve, and found himself, as usual, with his invisible bride; but instead of hearing her utter those expressions of tender affection which had hitherto so constantly delighted him, he heard her weep and retire to a distance from him. "What have I done," said the prince, afflicted by this treatment; "what fault have I committed, that you thus shun me? You treat me cruelly, when you ought to console me for what I have suffered on account of my tenderness to you."—"I know it all," answered the princess, in a voice interrupted by frequent sighs, "I know all the disasters that will happen to me; but it is of you, ungrateful man,

that I have most cause to complain."—"O heavens!" cried Zerphilis, "what have you to reproach me with?"—"The love that Camion has for you," returned the princess, "and the tenderness with which you kissed her hand."—"The tenderness;" exclaimed the prince? "Ah, dear princess, do you know me so little as to accuse me thus without cause? besides, if Camion should have a regard for me, which is impossible, as she never saw me but for a moment, could you doubt my fidelity, after the proofs I have given of my love—it is rather I who ought to accuse you of injustice, for, if I looked on her with any sort of attention, it was because I thought her face resembled yours, and because, being deprived of the pleasure of seeing you, I took delight in viewing whatever was like you: no longer then conceal yourself from my sight, and I shall never wish to look on any other." At these words the invisible seemed to be consoled, and drawing near the prince, "Pardon me," said she, "this little fit of jealousy: I ought to think too much on the prospect of being separated from you, to allow me leisure for other fears."

"But," said the prince, "shall I not be permitted to know why you do not shew yourself to me? or why, if I have delivered you from the power of Marmotte, you still think yourself

subject to her tyranny."—"Alas!" answered the invisible princess, "if you had consented to flay me, it would not have been so; but you shewed so much horror at this proposition, that I did not press you as I ought to have done."—"By what chance," interrupted the prince, "did Camion know of our intimacy? she told me exactly the same."

At these words the princess uttered a loud cry, and sprang out of bed; the astonished prince followed her, but it is impossible to describe his feelings, when he saw, in the middle of the chamber, the hideous Marmotte, holding, by the hair of her head, his adored wife, who had now recovered her natural shape, and was no longer invisible: he drew his sword, but the beautiful princess, in tears, entreated him to restrain his passion, for that it would be useless against the power of the fairy, who just then gnashed her teeth, and emitted from her horrid jaws, a blue and sulphureous flame, that burnt great part of the prince's hair. "Zerphilis," said the enraged Marmotte, "a fairy who protects you, prevents me from exterminating you, and your whole race; but at least you shall suffer in the object that is dearest to you, for having dared to marry without my consent, and your punishment, as well as that of your

princess, shall not cease till you have submitted yourself to my commands.

Having said these words, she vanished, together with the princess, the chamber, and the whole palace; and the prince found himself in his shirt, with his sword drawn, in the middle of his own apartment: he was in the most extreme rage, and the noise that he made brought his guards into the room, who prayed him to retire to rest, or to suffer his clothes to be put on: he submitted to the latter, and then passed into the chamber of the queen, who, he found, had spent the night in the most painful inquietude. She had not been able to sleep on going to bed that night, and therefore, to amuse her uneasy thoughts, she determined to converse with Camion; but it was in vain, she examined the little case—Camion was there no longer: she then thought she must have lost her in the garden, and causing many flambeaux to be lighted, went to seek her there, but without success, for the little figure had totally disappeared. The queen then returned to her apartment, overwhelmed with grief and despair, which was still visible in her countenance, when the prince entered, though he was too much occupied with his own distress to perceive it. "Ah," said she, perceiving his agitation, "sure-

ly you are come then to announce some terrible calamity."—"Yes madam," answered the prince, "I come to inform you that I shall die if I cannot find my princess."—"What, my son," interrupted the queen, "is it possible that you already love the little creature that I have lost."—"Ah madam," cried the prince, it is my dear wife that I lament, whom the cruel and inexorable Marmotte has torn from me."—"Alas, my son," added the queen, "I have more cause for grief than you have, for I have lost my dear Camion."

The queen and the prince then mutually recounted what had happened to them, and wept together over their misfortunes. The king was soon informed of the disconsolate state of his queen and son, and came immediately to the apartment, to learn the cause. Heralds, by his order, were immediately sent to every part of the city, offering an immense reward to any one who would find and bring the little princess. As for Zerphilis, he was so little interested about the fate of Camion, that he determined to set out immediately in search of a fairy of great reputation, of whom he had heard: he therefore asked permission, and departed immediately, without any attendant.

He had a long journey to accomplish before he

could see the fairy, and many dangers to surmount; but neither dangers nor difficulties could check the impatient love of young Zerphilis.—He passed many countries and kingdoms without any important adventure, and almost without stopping; though, on account of his extreme beauty, the ladies were every where solicitous to detain him. At length, after travelling a whole year, he came to the beginning of the desart in which the fairy resided. He quitted his horse at a small cottage, where he left him till his return, and entered the desart, which presented far before him the most dreary solitude: screech-owls alone inhabited the place, and their dismal cries would have terrified any other than the undaunted soul of Zerphilis.

One evening he perceived, at a distance, a light, which he thought must proceed from the fairy's grotto; for he could not imagine that any mortal would live in such a place: he proceeded towards it all night, and, at the dawn of day, came in view of the long wished for grotto; but it was separated from him by a burning lake, and all his courage and resolution would not secure him from the devouring flames. He considered long what to do, and, seeing no kind of bridge, he was driven to a state of dispair, that made him resolve to finish his life in that burning lake which had put an end to his hopes.

He had no sooner made this strange resolution, than he put it in execution, and, throwing himself headlong into the flames, felt only a gentle heat that did not at all incommode him, through which he passed without any difficulty to the other side. No sooner was he out of the danger than he saw a beautiful young salamander advancing from the lake, who said to him, "Prince Zerphilis, if your love be as great as your courage, you may expect every thing from the fairy Luminous: she loves you; but she means to try you." Zerphilis made the salamander a low bow, to thank her, for she did not give him time to speak before she plunged again into the flame, and he pursued his way. He reached at last the foot of an immense rock, which shone so bright that it appeared all on fire: it was a carbuncle of so large a size that the fairy lived very conveniently in it. As soon as the prince approached, Luminous came out of the rock; he prostrated himself before her, but she made him rise, and they went into the grotto, "Prince Zerphilis," said she, "a power equal to mine has counterbalanced the happiness with which I endowed you at your birth; but you may expect every thing from my care: you must have as much patience as you have courage, to overcome the malignity of Marmotte: I can tell you nothing more."—

"At least, Madam," replied the prince, "have the goodness to tell me if my adored bride is not unhappy, and if I may expect to see her soon?"—"She is not unhappy," said the fairy, "but you cannot see her, till after you have pounded her in the great mortar belonging to the King of the Whitings."—"Oh! heavens!" exclaimed the prince, "is she then, Madam, in his power, and have I not only his love for her to fear, but I must also have the horror of pounding her with my own hands?"—"Arm yourself with courage," replied the fairy, "and do not hesitate to obey: on that depends all your happiness, and that of your princess."—"But she will die if I pound her?" replied again the prince; "and I had rather die myself" "Go," said the fairy, "and do not reply; every moment that you lose adds to the fury of Marmotte: go to the King of the Whitings, tell him that you are the page that I promised him, and rely on my protection. She then shewed him on a map the road he was to take, in order to find the King of the Whitings, and dismissed him, after telling him that the ring that the fair whale gave him would shew him what he ought to do when the king ordered him to perform any thing that was difficult."

He set off, and after being three days on the road, he entered a meadow bounded by the sea,

at the side of which was fastened a little vessel of mother of pearl, ornamented with gold: he looked at his ruby, and saw himself in it getting into the vessel. He therefore entered it, and when he had unfastened it from the shore, the wind blew it into the open sea, and after two or three hours sailing, the vessel stopped at the foot of a castle of rock crystal, built on piles: he got out, and advanced into a court that led through a porch into a great number of apartments, the walls of which were all of rock crystal, most beautifully carved in a great variety of designs: men with the heads of fishes of all sorts inhabited the castle. He made no doubt but that this was the abode of the King of the Whitings; and he trembled with rage at the idea; but he restrained himself so far as to ask a turbot, who appeared to be captain of the guard, what he must do to see the king of the Whitings.

The turbot then, in a very grave way, made him a sign to advance, and he entered the guard room, where he saw a thousand men under arms, who had all pikes' heads, and who placed themselves in ranks, to let him pass: at last he arrived at the audience chamber, after having passed a number of men fish, who did not make much noise, for they were all dumb; the greatest part of them had whitings' heads.

He saw several others, who appeared of consequence, by the crowd that surrounded them, and by the airs of importance which they seemed to shew towards the rest; and, after much difficulty, reached the king's cabinet, just as the council, consisting of twelve men, with the same unnatural kind of heads, were leaving it.

The king himself at length appeared: he had, like the rest, the head of a whiting; but he had fins on his shoulders, and, from the waist downwards, was really a fish: he possessed the faculty of speech, and his robes were made of the beautifully spotted skins of large trout. Four robust whitings carried him in a china vase, as big as a bathing tub; and his greatest magnificence seemed to consist in causing himself to be thus carried, alternately, by the principal lords and dukes of his court: his majesty was very large, and appeared quite a monster. After giving audience to many that approached him, he perceived the prince: "Who are you, my friend," said he; "and what wonderful chance has thus brought a man into my dominions?"—"My lord," answered Zerphilis, "I am the page whom the fairy Luminous promised you."—"I know it," answered the king, grinning like an ape; "take him to my seraglio, and let him teach my crabs to speak:" immediately a crowd of whitings surrounded him, to conduct him ac-

cording to the king's order; and as he passed along through many apartments, the courtiers paid him the most polite attentions, as one likely to be in great favour with the sovereign.

Zerphilis, after crossing a beautiful garden, was led into an elegant pavillion, built entirely of mother-of-pearl, and the walls ornamented with branches of the finest red and white coral. Here he was shewn to a kind of dressing-room, the windows of which looked on to a large piece of water, and his conductors, having told him by signs that this and the adjoining apartment were to be his residence, withdrew; leaving him at leisure to reflect on the strangeness of his fate, in being thus become a prisoner to his rival.

He was still engaged in meditations of this kind, when he saw the doors of his apartment open, and ten or twelve thousand female crabs enter, who immediately ranged themselves in rows, and nearly filled the room. The one that seemed to be the head of the party, climbed on to a table that stood near Zerphilis, and thus addressed him: "Prince, I know you, and you owe much to my good offices; but as it is difficult to find any thing like gratitude in men, I will not describe what I have done for you, lest I should thereby put it in your power to destroy the sentiments with which you have inspired me.

Know, then, that we are the chosen mistresses of the King of the Whitings, and are the only class in the empire to whom the use of speech is permitted: you are appointed to instruct us in the art of speaking gracefully, and in such other kinds of knowledge as may the better enable us to please our sovereign. You will find us not destitute of information; but you will have to chuse ten from amongst us every morning, whom you will pound in the king's mortar, to make a soup for his breakfast." The prince replied, "I know not, madam, what may have interested you so forcibly in my favour, but I know that I already feel a lively gratitude for your kind dispositions towards me, and shall ever be happy to exert my best talents in your service, and in that of your companions. I am convinced, however, that I shall not be able to execute the cruel task that is daily to be imposed on me."—"We shall see how that will be," interrupted the principal crab, and leaping from the table, immediately took the form of the wicked Marmotte, for it was the fairy herself.

"O heavens!" exclaimed the prince, "is it you who thus boast of having rendered me services, whose whole exertions have been employed to make me miserable? Ah! Luminous," continued he, "you have abandoned me." As he uttered these words, Marmotte darted through

the window, and plunged into the lake, leaving him in company with the ten thousand crabs. He was greatly embarrassed how to begin his new employment, and studied for some time what to do; but at last, recollecting that his lovely and unfortunate princess might be amongst them, and that this was a scheme by which he was to become the instrument of her destruction; he determined to try if he could discover her.

"Will you allow me," said he, addressing the crabs, "to examine if there be not an acquaintance and friend of mine among you?"—"We know nothing of it, my lord," said the first who spoke; "but you may pursue such enquiries as you chuse to make, until the hour at which we must return to the reservoir, for we must positively pass the night there." Zerphilis began his enquiries; the more he sought, the more he discovered to surprise him; for he learned, by some words he drew from those he interrogated, that they were so many princesses, transformed by the wickedness of Marmotte: this gave him inconceivable grief, to be obliged to chuse ten of them for the king's soup. Night coming on, they reminded him of the necessity of returning to the reservoir, and it was not without difficulty that he deprived himself of the sweet amusement of seeking the princess. He had not been

able, during the day, to speak to more than a hundred and fifty; but as, however, he was certain she was not among those, he determined to take ten from that number: he had no sooner chosen them, than he proposed taking them to the king's kitchen, when he was diverted from his intention by the most astonishing peals of laughter which came from the victims he was sacrificing: he was so much surprised, that he was some time without speaking; yet at length he interrupted them to ask what they found so agreeable in what he was going to perform? They then redoubled their laughter, with so much violence and earnestness, that, notwithstanding the sorrow he felt, he could not help joining in with them. They wished to speak, but could not; they only stopped him to exclaim, "Ah! I can withstand no longer; I shall certainly die! No, nothing can be so delightful." At length he arrived with them at the palace, laughing as heartily as they did; and having shewn to a trout's head, who was clerk of the kitchen, what he had in his hands, they brought him a mortar of green porphyry, ornamented with gold, into which he put the ten crabs, and was going to pound them, when the bottom of the mortar opened, emitting a bright flame, which dazzled the prince, and which disappeared as soon as the bottom had closed

again. He saw nothing remaining, not even the crabs, which had also vanished: this astonished him, and yet caused him a degree of pleasure, for he had been much distressed at the idea of pounding such merry crabs: the trout however seemed sorry for this adventure, and wept bitterly. The prince was as much astonished at this circumstance as at the laughing of the crabs; he could not discover the cause of it, as the clerk of the kitchen did not speak. Very much puzzled at such occurrences, he returned into his beautiful apartment, where he did not find the crabs, as they were returned to the reservoir. The next morning the crabs entered without Marmotte: he looked for his princess, and not finding her, he again chose ten of the most beautiful of them. The same adventure happened again, they laughed and the trout cried when they all disappeared with the flame. For three months successively he saw the same thing; he heard nothing of the King of the Whitings; he was therefore only uneasy at not seeing the beautiful whale. One night in returning from the offices to his own house, he traversed the gardens of the palace, and in passing near a charming grove, which surrounded a clear fountain, he heard some voices in conversation; this astonished him, for he thought all the inhabitants of the king-

dom were as dumb as those he had seen; he walked very softly, and heard a voice which said, "But, princess, while you are determined not to discover yourself, it is impossible your husband can know you."—"What would you have me do?" said the other voice, which he immediately found to be the same as that which he had heard so often; "it is the cruelty of Marmotte that obliges me to this, and I cannot make myself known without risking his life and mine; the prudent Luminous, who protects him, hides my features, in order to preserve us for each other: it is absolutely necessary that he should pound me; the decree is irrevocable."—"But why pound you?" demanded the other; "you never would tell me your story; Citronette, your confidante, would have trusted me with it if she had not been chosen last week for the king's soup."—"Alas!" replied the princess, "that unhappy creature has already shared that fate which I expect: I wish I could be in her place, for surely by this time she is in her grotto;"—"But," said the other voice, "as it is such a fine night, tell me what makes you subject to Marmotte's vengeance. I have already told you who *I* am, and I am impatient to know more of you."—"Notwithstanding it will renew my grief," rejoined the princess, "I will not refuse you this satisfaction, besides I

shall then speak of Zerphilis, and I gladly seize every opportunity of recalling him to my imagination."

It is easy to judge of the pleasure the prince felt at this happy moment; he glided very softly into the grove; but as it was quite dark, he could not see any thing: he listened very attentively, and heard word for word the following account.

My father was sovereign of one of the kingdoms near Mount Caucasus: he governed, as well as he could, a people who were remarkably wicked. Rebellions were continual, and the windows of his palace had been frequently

broken in pieces by the stones which were thrown at him; the queen, my mother, who had a great deal of sense, composed speeches for him, by which he endeavoured to quell the sedition; but if he succeeded one day, the same thing took place on the morrow; the judges were tired of condemning to death, and the executioners of hanging; in short, things came to such a violent degree, that, finding even the provinces were united against us, my father determined to go into the country, in order to avoid so disagreeable a sight. He took my mother with him, and left the government of his kingdom to one of his ministers, who was very prudent and less of a coward than the king my father. My mother was then with child of me; so that she had some difficulty in reaching the foot of Mount Caucasus, where my father had fixed his habitation. Our wicked subjects made bonfires at their departure, and the next day they strangled the minister, saying he wished to pass for a man of learning, and that they even liked their king better than him. My father did not feel gratified by this preference, and remained quietly in his little dwelling, where I soon after saw the light.

I was named Camion, because I was very little; besides, the king and queen, tired of possessing honours which had cost them so dear, de-

termined to conceal my birth, and therefore brought me up as a shepherdess. At the end of ten years, which appeared to them but as ten minutes, so much were they pleased with their retirement, the fairies who inhabit Caucasus, indignant at the wickedness of the people of our kingdom, resolved to restore proper order.

One day that I went out with my sheep, in the meadow adjoining our garden, two old shepherdesses accosted me, and desired I would grant them shelter for the night; they seemed so much fatigued and dejected that my compassion was excited: "Come," said I to them, "my father, who is a shepherd, will bid you welcome." I then ran into the cot to give notice of their arrival: he came to meet them, and both him and my mother received them with great kindness and hospitality. I hastened to drive in my sheep, and to collect some milk for our guests; during which time my father dressed a small supper for them, and the queen, who, as I have already said, had a great deal of good sense as well as politeness, found ample means to amuse them by her lively conversation.

I had a young lamb on which I quite doated: my father called me, and told me to give it him, that he might put it on the spit: I had never

been accustomed to dispute his will, and I therefore carried it to him; but I was so hurt at it that I ran crying to my mother, who, on her part, was so much taken up with talking to the strangers, that she did not notice me.—"What has happened to little Camion?" said one of them, who perceived I was bathed in tears; "Alas! Madam," said I, "I weep because my father has taken my little lamb to roast for you."—"What!" said the one, who till then had been silent, "is it for us you distress little Camion?" Then rising and giving a knock with a little stick, there appeared to rise from under the floor a table magnificently served, and the two old shepherdesses instantly assumed the forms of beautiful ladies, splendidly covered with diamonds; at which I was so much surprised, that I did not perceive my little lamb, who was capering about the room, and playing off a thousand tricks to amuse the company: at length I ran to him, after having kissed the hands of the beautiful ladies; but I was quite astonished at now seeing his wool, composed of silver threads and covered with rose colour ribbons.

My father and mother were employed in awaiting the commands of the two fairies, for such you may suppose they were: they raised the king and queen; who had prostrated themselves before them; "Worthy pair," said the

one who appeared to be the most majestic, "we have known you for a long time, and have pitied your misfortune: do not imagine that grandeur can avert the evils that attach to human life; you ought to know by experience that, the more exalted the rank is, the more you are susceptible of feeling your misery. Your patience and your virtues have placed you above the reach of severe misfortunes; and it is time you should be rewarded, as far as may be in our power. I am the fairy Luminous, and I come to ask your majesties in what manner I can serve you: speak freely, and fear not to put our power to the trial; consult together; your wishes shall be accomplished; but observe one thing, do not speak of Camion; her destiny is separate. The Fairy Marmotte, envious of the good we had promised her, has, for a time, obscured her fate; but she will better feel her happiness hereafter, when she shall have experienced the vicissitudes of life; we however shall soften them and protect her: this is all we are permitted to relate to you; now speak freely, for we are ready to perform any thing you may desire."

The fairies were silent, and the queen turned towards her husband in order to desire him to reply; for the news of my unhappy destiny had so affected her as to leave no power of utter-

ance, but my father was weeping like a child, and as incapable as herself of making any answer: he groaned piteously, and, as for myself, seeing them in distress, I quitted my lamb, and mingled my tears with theirs.

The fairies impatiently, yet silently, waited the finishing of this affecting scene, and my mother, seeing the hurry they were in, reminded the king they were waiting for his commands; he took then the handkerchief from his streaming eyes, and addressing himself to the fairies, he told them that since it was decided I should be wretched, nothing could render him happy, and he begged leave to decline their generous offer, since he should always be miserable with the thoughts of what I had to fear. The queen, seeing that my poor father was unable to proceed, took up the discourse, and supplicated the fairies to take away their lives the day that fate was to make me feel its severity; for she asked no greater favour than that of not being a witness to it.

The good fairies, a little softened by the distress into which the royal pair was thrown, spoke together for a few minutes in a low voice. At length the fairy Luminous, turning to the queen, "Madam," said she, "console yourself; the misfortunes which threaten your daughter are not so great but that they may terminate

happily: for the moment her husband shall agree to what fate has ordained, she shall be completely happy with him, and the malice of our sister be incapable of injuring either of them. It shall be a prince as amiable as herself whom we will give to her in marriage; and all we have now to add is, that you must go to the neighbouring well every morning with your daughter, and let her bathe half an hour. If you observe exactly these commissions, the evils with which she is threatened may perhaps be avoided; it is after her twelfth year that the evil may be accomplished: if she reaches her thirteenth, without any accident, be assured there will be nothing more to fear. As for yourselves, wish any thing, and it lays in our power to grant it." The king and queen regarded each other in silence; but at length the king wished that he might become a statue until I was turned thirteen; and the queen, confining her wishes still more, desired that the water in which I was to be bathed might become of a temperature suited to all seasons. The fairies, charmed with this excessive tenderness, granted their wishes immediately; and added also, that the water should become orange flower water; and that, whenever my mother chose to throw some of it at the king, he should resume his natural form, with the permission to become a statue again when

he pleased. At length these benevolent fairies took leave of us and departed, praising the king and queen for their moderation, and promising to come to assist them in any difficulty, if they would only burn one of the tufts of wool with which my lamb was covered.

As the fairies vanished, I suddenly cast my eyes on the king, and felt, for the first time in my life, the most poignant anguish on seeing him turn to a large statue of black marble. My mother melted into tears, and lamented our unhappy fate, while I did all that lay in my power to console her. She passed the day always at the foot of the statue; and as for me, after having bathed as the fairies had ordered, I milked our ewes, and hastened home, where we made a frugal meal on the produce of my labour. The queen, indeed, could not take any thing else, milk being the only thing her weak stomach could bear; and it was but out of love for me that she consented to preserve a life which appeared so miserable to her. "Alas! my daughter," said she to me sometimes, "of what avail are honours and riches?" (for she no longer strove to conceal from me my illustrious birth,) "Is it not better to be born in low life, since a crown brings with it so many misfortunes? Virtue alone, my dear Camion, enables me to support them; my tenderness for you contributes

to it; but there are times when my soul feels as if it were going to take its flight, and I rejoice to find that I am not immortal. It is not for me that you should weep," added she, "it is for your father, whose grief for your misfortunes, still more poignant than mine, has made him wish scarcely to live. Never forget, my good child, the gratitude you owe him."—"Ah! Madam," cried I, "I am incapable of forgetting it, and still more of not remembering that you have consented to live on my account."

In the meanwhile, I was regularly bathed every day by my mother, who, tired with seeing the king her husband remain so long like an inanimate statue, felt a strong desire to recal him to life; though, at the same time, the fear of giving him pain on beholding my transformation, withheld her hand. The fairies, not having specified what it was to be, we were in a state of dreadful apprehension. The queen, whose thoughts had a wide field to range in, set no bounds to her fear: as for me, I cared very little about it, so true it is that youth is the only season in which we enjoy the present moment.

My mother had frequently told me, that she felt a great desire to awaken the king from his torpid state, a circumstance which I was very desirous of seeing performed. At length, at the termination of six months, seeing that the fairies

bath had made me exceedingly beautiful, improving me both in body and mind, she resolved to satisfy herself, in order, as she said, to give the king an opportunity of seeing me. In consequence, no sooner was the bathing finished, than she desired me to fetch a jug of the water, and, throwing it on the statue, it immediately resumed its pristine form. The queen threw herself at his feet; he raised her up, and, embracing her, peace was soon made, and I was presented to him.

I am ashamed to tell you, that he was charmed and surprised; "for how could you believe me, princess," said the voice, interrupting the narration, "when I appear to you under the form of the most ugly of crabs. However, I beseech you to listen with attention to the conclusion of my history. In continuation, therefore, I have to tell you, that the king was delighted with me, caressed me a thousand times, and then asked the queen if she had any news to communicate to him. "Alas!" answered she, "in this solitary desart, who should tell me any thing, while I was employed solely in weeping over your misfortunes and my own." —"Well then," answered the king, "I have news to communicate to you; for you must not suppose that I have been in a state of insensibility since my metamorphosis. The fairies,

that watch over us, have permitted me to see my rebellious subjects amply punished; they have converted my whole kingdom into a vast lake, and the inhabitants into a kind of compound animal, having the bodies of men, and the heads of different kinds of fishes. A nephew of the fairy Marmotte is appointed king over them, and governs with unparalleled cruelty: he devours them for the most trifling fault, yet at the end of a certain time which I am not permitted to know, a certain prince shall re-establish it as a great kingdom, in which Camion shall at last become happy. Thus have I passed my time," continued the king, smiling, "and I think not unusefully, learning from the fairies, who came to instruct me every night, these events so interesting to us. I am delighted to see you, and I do not know that I shall again wish to become a statue while I can enjoy that pleasure."

After this, we passed some time in complete happiness. The king and queen, however, indulged themselves sometimes in melancholy reflections, when they looked on the near approach of my thirteenth year. As the queen took care to bathe me constantly, she hoped that the unfortunate part of the prediction would be avoided; but who can resist the decrees of overruling fate? One morning that the queen had risen

early, and was gathering flowers to adorn our cottage in the way that the king liked to see it, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of a frightful looking ape, who darted out from under the shadow of a tuberose: the creature rushed upon her, and bit her nose so dreadfully, that she fainted away. My father, after having waited some time in the expectation of her return, went out to seek her; but his astonishment and grief were not to be described, when he found her apparently dead and covered with blood. He called for assistance: I ran to him, and between us we carried the queen to her bed, where she remained two hours in a state of perfect insensibility. At length she began to shew signs of life, and, after a short time, we had the pleasure to see her perfectly recovered, excepting the wound in her face, from which she seemed to suffer a great deal of pain. The first thing she thought of was to ask if I had been bathed; but we had been so engaged in attending her, that I had totally forgotten it. At this she seemed greatly alarmed; yet, perceiving no accident immediately to follow the neglect, she became re-assured, and gave us the account of her extraordinary adventures, by which we were exceedingly surprised.

However, the day passed away without any

other cause of uneasiness: the king took his gun, and went out in order to shoot the mischievous animal that had been the cause of my being neglected, but it was no where to be found. The next day the queen rose at the dawn, desirous of making up for her omission, and came to seek me. She made me descend into the well as before; but alas! unhappy day! at the same moment the heavens, which were before unclouded and serene, became convulsed with the most frightful thunders, while the atmosphere appeared all in a flame, and from a sulphureous cloud suddenly issued a ball of fire that fell into the pit in which I was bathing. My mother, through fright, let go the cord by which I was suspended, and I fell deep into the water without any other injury than that of finding the lower part of my body changed into the tail of an enormous fish. I swam about for some time, and called upon the queen with all my force; but she heard not my voice, nor the sighs and groans with which I lamented my metamorphosis, and the loss of her society.

Suddenly I felt myself descending to the bottom of the water, where at last I arrived, and, passing into a grotto of chrystal, found myself in the presence of a nymph of most unprepos-

sessing features; she gave me the idea of an immensely large frog. However, she smiled at my approach, and said,—"Camion, I am the nymph of this well, and have orders to receive you here, where you must perform the penance which you have drawn upon yourself by neglecting to bathe as the fairies directed you: follow me, and resist not." Alas! how could I resist had I been inclined? I was so languid and exhausted, with finding myself out of water, that I was not able even to speak. She, therefore, took me by the tail and dragged me into a saloon of green marble, that was near to her grotto, and put me into a golden cistern filled with water, where I immediately began to recover my spirits and strength. The nymph appeared to rejoice at it:—"My name is Citronette," said she, "I am commissioned to take care of you; and, at the same time, you are permitted to order me to do whatever you please. I know perfectly the past and the present; but of the future I am not permitted to know any thing: you will, therefore, command me to the extent of my abilities, and it will be my duty to assist you in passing the time of your penance as pleasantly as circumstances will permit." At the conclusion of these words I embraced Citronette, and, having re-

lated to her the adventures of my life, I entreated her to inform me what had become of my parents.

She was going to answer me when the frightful Marmotte entered the saloon, and froze me with horror. She walked upon her hind legs, and supported herself on a golden staff, which appeared to give her as much grace as is possible with that kind of figure. She approached the cistern, in which I would gladly have dived to conceal myself, and, touching me with the wand which she carried,—"Camion," said she, "you are in my power, and nothing can extricate you from it but perfect submission in you, and in the husband that my sisters have destined for you. Listen to me, and shew not those symptoms of timidity, of fear, which are inconsistent with a great mind. From your earliest infancy I admired you, and had determined to marry you to my nephew, the King of the Whitings; I found, however, that Luminous and some other of my sister fairies, had previously obtained the right of disposing of you: I was irritated by the disappointment, and resolved to make you feel the weight of my anger, for towards them I have no power to shew my resentment. I wished, therefore, to punish them in condemning you to spend the half of your life under the form of a whale. My sisters exclaimed

so much against the injustice of this punishment that I agreed, at last, to relinquish three parts of my vengeance; but I reserved, to make amends for my complaisance, the right of marrying you to my nephew. Luminous, who is very proud, and, unfortunately, more powerful than me, would not agree to this arrangement, because she had already predestined you to the arms of a prince whom she protects; it was, therefore, necessary to acquiesce somewhat in her opinions, notwithstanding my resentment, and all that I could obtain was, that the first who should deliver you from my power should become your husband.—"Behold," added Marmotte, "the two persons that have this chance;" and she shewed me two gold settings, each containing a picture.—"You will know them by this," continued she, "but if the one of them should come to deliver you, he must pledge himself to marry you in your cistern, and, to deliver you from it finally, he must peel off your fish-skin, scale by scale: without this you will always remain half fish as you are at present. My nephew would not mind this, but for him whom my sister Luminous protects, I dare say he will not persuade himself to comply with it, he seems to be so delicate and tender-hearted a young gentleman. Employ, then, your utmost ingenuity to prevail upon him to flay you, and

you will then become perfectly happy, if you can think there is any felicity greater than that of being a well-fed whale, and living up to the neck in water."

At these words, which I answered not, I became more than ever afflicted, not only with the state in which I found myself, but by thinking on the dreadful suffering through which I was to be relieved from it.

Marmotte left me the two portraits and disappeared, while I continued to weep without looking on them. The kind Citronette sympathized with me:—"Never let us repine," said she, "for the misfortunes which we cannot prevent; but rather let us look into them for some source of consolation. To begin, let us endeavour to dry your tears, for my heart is tender, and I cannot witness your sorrows without sharing in them. We will amuse ourselves with looking at these portraits." As she finished speaking, she opened the first setting; we both uttered cries of astonishment and horror, on seeing the head of a large whiting, though painted with every advantage that the skill of an artist could give it. "Take it from me," said I, "I can look upon it no longer; I would rather be a whale all my life, than be wedded to this horrible creature." She scarcely gave me time to finish my imprecations against the first portrait,

when she opened the other:—"Look," said she, "at this darling; for such a husband as this one would gladly suffer any torments!"—I looked to see if she spoke truly, and I was soon convinced that she did not deceive me. A noble and engaging countenance presented itself to me; soft smiling eyes embellished and gave sweetness to the face, where every mental grace and every accomplishment were strongly expressed. I looked upon this delightful portrait with more satisfaction than I was at first aware of, but Citronette soon remarked it.—"This," exclaimed she, "is the one you resolve, then, to accept?" Her remark recalled my recollection, and I blushed to think of the pleasure I had felt in looking on the resemblance of an unknown object. "Why should I flatter myself?" said I to Citronette;—"this is, perhaps, a scheme of the cruel Marmotte to torment me, by shewing me a picture the equal of which it will be impossible for me ever to find." "What!" cried Citronette, "are you again making remarks on the beautiful portrait? Indeed, I did not expect this." The remark made me blush more than before, and I was exceedingly embarrassed with having discovered, so imprudently, the impression which this picture had made upon my heart. Citronette, who knew perfectly what was passing in my mind,

cried, "No, no; you will never repent of your ingenuousness, or of a regard so well founded; for Marmotte has not deceived you, since there is in the world a prince who in every respect resembles this picture."

This assurance gave me joy at first, but the moment after I lost it, with thinking that this prince would never have an opportunity of seeing me, since I was destined to remain in the bowels of the earth, and that the hideous Marmotte, by her power, would sooner assist her nephew in penetrating my concealment, than the prince, whom, above all others, she hated, because he had been destined by her sisters for me, without her consent. I did not endeavour to conceal my attachment, and the fears to which it gave birth, from Citronette; indeed, had I been desirous of so doing, it would have been useless, for she read with surprising facility the most secret of my thoughts. I entrusted her candidly with all my affairs, a confidence which she never abused; but, on the contrary, endeavoured to soften my grief, by representing every difficulty which I pronounced as insurmountable, in as mild a manner as possible; and I began to feel, from that day, that when the heart is full of one object, it is a relief and pleasure to have a companion with whom to talk about it. Citronette indulged me in such conversations concerning

the prince, till all I had to say was exhausted; and she then would, by degrees, change the conversation to another subject. She informed me, also, that the queen, from the moment she lost me, became metamorphosed into a large crab. I could not understand this proceeding: "How!" exclaimed I, "is it possible for a human being to become a crab?"—"You, perhaps, know better, then," returned Citronette, "how a mortal can become a whale." I felt convinced in a moment; but one is too apt to be astonished at strange events happening to another, while they pass unheeded if they happen to ourselves. My little experience had taught me this. Citronette often laughed at my innocence, and was as often surprised to see me so eloquent in my tenderness; for it was true I was so on that point, and I found it altogether enlightened my mind. I no longer passed my nights in balmy sleep; and, not content with being awake myself, I disturbed the kind Citronette incessantly during the night, in order to talk to her about my charming prince. She had told me his name, and likewise the agreeable news, that he hunted every day in the forest under which I was interred. She proposed to me that we should contrive a scheme to draw him into our abode; but to that I would by no means consent, although I was dying to see him. I was fearful

lest he should be suffocated with the impure air which we breathed, and which custom had made us used to. Another objection was, that it would be a very free step to make towards a stranger whom I had never seen; and, lastly, I did not wish to appear before him in the frightful form of a whale, judging the aversion he would conceive for me, by that which I had for the King of the Whitings, on seeing his ugly portrait.—Citronette endeavoured to console me, by telling me that my face was still as beautiful as ever, in spite of the whale's tail, which lay in the water, and could be concealed from his view.

I passed my whole time in imagining a way to see him, as well as to make him see me, and I rejected every scheme almost as soon as I had formed it. During the time, Citronette rendered me every assistance, and greatly consoled me by her wit, her politeness, and her extreme good nature. One day, when I was indulging myself in that sweet melancholy, which none but enamoured souls ever experience, I was roused by the entrance of the frightful Marmotte, accompanied by two persons whom I did not at first recognise. It occurred to me that one of them might be her detestable nephew, and I uttered the most lamentable cries. "But when she is flayed," cried the hideous Marmotte, as all three approached me, "she cannot cry much louder:

let us see what injury any body is doing to her."
"For God's sake, my sister," said one of the persons who came with her, and whom I now recollected to be those we had entertained in our cottage, "we entreat you to relinquish your idea of having her flayed, and let us tell Camion what it is that we have to say to her."—"Willingly," answered Marmotte, "but you know the conditions."

The good fairy then addressed me; "Camion," said she, "we are too much distressed by your present situation, not to think of endeavouring to alleviate it, though you have, in some degree, brought it upon yourself. My sister and I have resolved to do every thing for you in our power, and I am now going to tell you what we think to do: you shall be presented, shortly, at the court of the prince, to whom I have destined you from your infancy; but, my dear child, you will not be allowed to appear such as you really are: and it is decreed that you must return three times a week, to plunge yourself in this golden cistern. For till you shall be married—"—"And flayed," interrupted Marmotte, grinning spitefully. The good fairy turned towards her with a look of displeasure, and then continued: "Till you are married, you must resume, when here, the figure of a whale. As for the rest, we cannot tell you; you

will be instructed in time; only remember that every thing depends upon preserving your secret, for if you suffer a word to escape you, that tends to discover it, neither of us will be able to do any thing further to assist you, and you will be delivered wholly into the power of our angry sister Marmotte."—"That is exactly what I expect," added the malignant creature; "and I see her already in my power, for a secret preserved by a woman, is too extraordinary to be expected."

"That is her concern," said the fairy Luminous, who had spoken all along. "I have only to tell you further, my child, that you are to become a little enamelled doll, possessing the faculties of thinking and speaking, with your natural shape and features. I allow you eight days to examine and see if you like the proposal, at the end of which time you shall inform me whether you like to accept the conditions, or to wait here in your present state, till some chance shall effect your deliverance." The fairies immediately departed, without waiting my reply, and I remained quite astonished with what I had heard and seen. Citronette took pains to comfort me, and to persuade me that the proposed change was what I ought to wish. I could not, however, help sighing, when I reflected how unlikely it was that my adored prince would

take notice of me, as a little doll. However, the desire of seeing him, and knowing him, at last decided me, and I resolved to accept the conditions with so much more readiness, as I thought the prince Zerphilis so highly preferable to the King of the Whitings.

Citronette had told me, that Zerphilis came to hunt every day in the forest that was over her grotto, and at my request she sometimes took the form of a stag, sometimes that of a doe, and sometimes that of a wild boar, in order to bring me intelligence on the subject that was nearest my heart: I was always delighted by her information, for her descriptions of the beauty and elegance of the prince were so lively, that, deluded by my own wishes, I could not help imagining the original to be greatly superior to the picture I had so much admired. My mind was so worked up by these accounts, that I determined to see the prince, even if it cost me my life. I had only one day remaining, to expect the return of the fairies; and Citronette had taken the form of a wild boar in the forest, to bring some news that might soothe my impatience, when I saw her returning at full speed, followed close by the prince Zerphilis. I cannot describe to you my joy and astonishment, on perceiving the adored object I had so long sighed for; but that which gave me the most

satisfaction and delight was, that he seemed to be no less transported at the sight of me, than I was overjoyed on regarding him. Citronette, more attentive to our future happiness, than our present ecstacies, dragged me away from him, begging him either to flay me alive, or instantly pledge himself to marry me. Then coming to my right senses again, I joined in the prayers and entreaties of Citronette, and what with our sobs and our tears, we at last prevailed upon him to plight his faith. I had scarcely accepted it, when he suddenly disappeared, and I found myself again changed to my natural form, laying in an elegant bed: I was no longer a whale, to be sure, but I was always to remain in the green saloon, with Citronette, who had now lost all her power, and could not leave it, to transform herself as before.

I waited the arrival of the fairy in the greatest trepidation; my tenderness had redoubled by the knowledge of its object, and I feared that my charming husband had fallen into the hands of the cruel Marmotte; who was permitted by the fairies now to exercise her power over me, since I had drawn their anger upon myself, by not waiting till they could be witnesses of the marriage. Citronette endeavoured, though in vain, to console me; yet I could not overcome my grief and my fear. Marmotte came with

the day, I saw not Luminous or her companion. She did not, however, appear more angry than ordinary; but, touching me with her ring, and without speaking a word, I became a small figure like a doll, though in every respect beautiful as the day, and retaining all my senses. She shut me up, immediately, in her tooth-pick case, and set out directly for the palace of the queen, mother to the prince, my husband. She gave me to her, with orders to make me espouse her son, or expect to suffer every evil that she could devise, and likewise told her that I was her daughter-in-law, and was called the princess Camion. I conceived very soon a strong affection for my mother-in-law; I indeed not only loved her because she was the mother of Zerphilis, but her sweetness of disposition made it impossible for me to do otherwise, and my caresses were soon repaid by hers. I was transported every night into the green saloon, where I passed the time in the delightful company of my husband; for the same power acted over him, and conveyed him nightly into the subterranean abode. I could not comprehend why I was forbidden to disclose my secret, although married; but I had firmness sufficient to keep it; although Zerphilis was dying to know who he had married, and often solicited me to that purpose.

You shall soon see (continued the princess) how impossible it is to avoid what fate prescribes for us; but in the mean while the day begins to dawn, and I feel that I am quite fatigued with being out of the water; let us take the road to the reservoir, and if we do not, to-morrow, fall a sacrifice for the soup of the wicked King of the Whitings, we will then resume the thread of our history.

Zerphilis heard no more, and therefore took the road to his pavilion, deeply afflicted at not being able to let his princess know that he was so near to her; but the fear of still further augmenting her misfortunes by this indiscretion, consoled him: however, he resolved to examine every one of the crabs before he pounded them, in order to know their history.

The prince Zerphilis went to lie down, but it was not to sleep; he could not close his eyes once during the night. Having found his princess again, in the form of a crab, and on the point of being murdered by his own hand, to make soup of, for the King of the Whitings, appeared to him a torture worse than death itself. Sighing with grief and anguish, he spent the night, when, as the morning dawned, a confused noise of flutes and conc-shells in the garden, drew him forth from his pavilion. He perceived it was the King of the Whitings, who was coming towards his residence,

attended by twelve large sharks, who composed the privy council. Zerphilis immediately threw open the door of his apartment, and the royal party entered, the king being carried in his cistern filled with sea water, and supported by some of the peers of the realm. He commanded to be set down in the middle of the room, and after taking breath and clearing his voice, "Young man," said he, "whoever you are, it seems that you have determined I shall die with hunger, for you send me every day a soup which I find it impossible to swallow; but in vain you attempt to destroy me; for though you may be in league with my enemies, yet I can inform you, that being nephew of the fairy Marmotte, I am above every attempt of that kind, and my life is in perfect safety." The prince, astonished at being suspected of so base a crime, was going to answer with a haughty disdain, but as he raised his hand to give more force to what he was going to say, he suddenly cast his eyes on the ring, and saw the fairy Luminous, who put her finger on her mouth, in order to make a sign for him to hold his tongue. Although Zerphilis was almost in too great a rage to obey the fairy, yet, according to her instructions he was silent; but the sharks perceived a noble indignation overspread his countenance, which clearly proved to them his inno-

cence of the charge, and they applauded him greatly in their own hearts. "Ho! ho!" exclaimed the king, "since this fellow appears so sulky, we must make him work before us. Let my mortar be fetched from the kitchen, I will give my privy council a treat: one of the attendants immediately brought the crab mortar; and in the mean while the twelve sharks took a net, and throwing through the window into the reservoir, drew up three or four thousand crabs. While these events were passing, and the mortar was prepared for pounding, Zerphilis indulged the time in reflection; he felt that the most perilous and critical part of his life approached, and that he must absolutely decide upon happiness or misery; arming himself, therefore, with an undaunted resolution, equal to every trial, and turning all his thoughts towards the fairy Luminous, he prayed her to be favourable and assist him. Then looking on his ring, he perceived that beautiful fairy, who made him a sign to pound courageously: this fresh instance of her protection revived his drooping spirits, and took from him half the distress he felt at committing so many murders. The sharks at length brought him the destined crabs, and Zerphilis began to execute his business; but the same thing happened to them that had done to the others, for no sooner were

they thrown into the mortar than the bottom of it opened, and they were devoured by curling flames. The king and his cruel attendants felt much pleasure in seeing this new and extraordinary scene. The sharks continued to fill the mortar, till there only remained one, out of the four thousand crabs. It was the most beautiful and the finest of them all. The king now ordered that the shell of this one should be taken off with a knife, in order that he might have something to eat, being almost famished with hunger: it was therefore given to the prince to cut it off; he was more distressed at being commissioned to inflict this new kind of torture; but much greater were his horror and astonishment, when the poor animal joined its two claws in the manner of supplication, and with its eyes full of tears, "What have I done to you Zerphilis," said she, "to merit this cruel treatment." The prince, thunderstruck by these words, and his heart pierced with the most poignant distress, looked sorrowfully on the wretched animal. At length he addressed the king, and begged that the crab might be saved, and another of a finer kind and of a softer shell substituted for it. The king, jealous of his authority, and decided in his resolution, was enflamed with anger at this humble petition, and threatened Zerphiles with pound-

ing the crab himself, if he did not instantly cut it up. The poor prince approached the shark who held it, and, seeing no alternative, drew a small knife from his side, and looking on his ring, he saw the fairy Luminous who was laughing; she appeared in conversation with a young person who was veiled, and whom she held by the hand. Zerphiles could not comprehend the meaning of what he saw, for he had not a moment to reflect upon it, as the furious king incessantly cried out to have the business finished. The prince therefore approached the crab, and gave it two stabs through the back shell with all his force. The poor animal cried out with the pain, and Zerphilis turned away his head to weep, but what was his astonishment, when, looking again on the victim, he perceived the malicious Marmotte leap out of the shell, uttering bursts of the most violent and disgusting laughter, and making game of his distress, a circumstance which dried his tears, and brought him to himself again, although he had been before ready to die with faintness.

The king astonished cried out, "What, is it my aunt?"—"It is her indeed," answered the cruel fairy; "but my dear nephew I bring you most dreadful news." At these words the King of the Wnitings grew pale, while his counsellors exhibited signs of satisfaction that com-

pletely disconcerted him and his malicious aunt. "It is finished, my dear Whiting," continued Marmotte, "and you are about to return to your natural element; for this puppet of a prince that you see here, has taken it in his head to maintain a constancy that nothing can shake, and has triumphed over all the snares which I laid to prevent him robbing you of your adored princess." At these words the King of the Whitings broke out into so violent a rage, that it is impossible to describe, and by the extravagances he committed, shewed himself not incapable of human passions. Marmotte tried in vain to calm and sooth him; but neither prayers nor entreaties had any success: he broke his cistern into a thousand pieces, and thus remaining without water to nourish him, he fainted away. Marmotte now burnt with rage, and turning towards Zerphilis, who had remained a quiet spectator of the passing scene, "Thou hast conquered," said she, "by the power of a fairy to whom I am obliged to yield; but thou art not yet at the end of thy labours—thou shalt not taste of the happiness promised thee till thou hast put into my hands the case in which I enclosed the cursed Camion; Luminous has granted me this, and thou hast no remedy but in submission.

Having finished speaking, she took the King

of the Whitings on her shoulders, and plunged him in the reservoir, together with the palace and all the inhabitants. Zerphilis found himself alone at the foot of an immense mountain, and in a country so barren and desolate that he could neither find the least trace of an habitation or the great reservoir near which he so lately stood. The prince was more afflicted than surprised at this change, for he had lately been familiar with prodigies—he was sensible only to the continued persecution of the vindictive Marmotte. "I cannot doubt," said he, "that I have at last pounded my dear princess! Yes, I have pounded her, and I shall never be happy again. Ah, barbarous Marmotte! and you, Luminous, abandon me after I have obeyed your injunctions at the expence of all that is dear to a susceptible heart!" His grief, and the little rest he had taken during the last night, which had been passed in listening to Camion's narration, threw him into such a state of debility that he would certainly have perished if he had not had courage enough to wish to live. "But in this place," said he, "I have no means of subsistance whatever!" scarcely had he pronounced these words when his ring opened, and out of it came a little table covered with the choicest meats; it grew larger and larger till it came to a size suitable to the prince whom it

was intended to refresh. Every delicacy that could flatter or excite the taste appeared in profusion, accompanied by the most delicious wines, and when the prince had amply regaled himself, the whole contracted gradually to a diminutive size, and returned into the ring.

As it was now late, the prince made but little progress up the mountain, and at last he laid himself down under a withered tree, that had scarcely leaves enough even to cover his head; "Behold," said he, as he stretched himself on the cold ground, "behold what a creature man is! He forgets the benefits he has received, and thinks only of his present necessities. I would now freely give my table, and all its delicacies, for a common bed to sleep on." In an instant he found himself on an excellent bed, surrounded by curtains that kept him from the cold; but the darkness was become so intense, that he could not distinguish any thing: he soon went to sleep, yet not without first thanking the kind fairy for her generous care of him.

When he awoke, at the dawn of day, he found himself in a bed of yellow taffeta, striped with silver, in the middle of a tent of the same colour, ornamented in every part with cyphers describing the name of Zerphilis, and supported by whales formed of rubies; every accommodation that could be imagined was there supplied in

the most elegant style. If the prince had been in a tranquil state of mind, he would have admired the excellence of the workmanship, and the taste of the arrangements; but the sight of the little whales revived his grief. He immediately dressed and quitted the tent, which folded up, and returned into the ring, as soon as he had left it. He proceeded towards the top of the mountain, no longer embarrassed how to provide food and lodging: his principal distress was where to find Luminous, for on this subject his ring refused to give him any sort of information; he knew not the road to the desolate country in which he had found her before, and therefore resolved to wander as chance might direct.

After having continued to ascend for many days, without obtaining the least information, he came to a well cut in the side of a rock, and sat down by it to rest himself, weeping, as he was wont to do, over the remembrance of his misfortunes. "Ah, Luminous!" exclaimed he, "where shall I find you." As he finished speaking, he heard a voice from the bottom of the well, that enquired "is it Zerphilis that calls me?" The joy that he felt at hearing this enquiry, could be equalled only by his curiosity to know from whom it proceeded. He sprang immediately to the margin of the well, and looking down, cried out "Yes, I am Zerphilis, and

are you not Citronette ?"—"Yes," said she, and rising out of the well, embraced the prince affectionately. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this interview gave him, and he overwhelmed the nymph with a thousand questions about his princess, without waiting for an answer to any one of them, till at last his enthusiasm subsided, and he became once more a reasonable creature.

"I am going to inform you," said Citronette, of the circumstances which are yet unknown to you; for since you pounded us, we enjoy a felicity that wants nothing to make it complete but your presence; and I have been waiting here, by the orders of Luminous, to instruct you in what you have yet to do, before you can be put in possession of a princess who loves you, as much as you love her. But as some time must elapse before you can accomplish this, I will relate to you what remains of the history of your incomparable bride."

Zerphilis kissed the hand of Citronette, to shew his thankfulness for her attention, and then followed into her grotto, where, on arriving, he was filled with ecstasy to find it the same place, in which he had first beheld the divine Camion. At length, having seated themselves, and enjoyed a delicious repast out of the wonderful ring,

Citronette began where the princess had broken off her narration.

"As it is here that Luminous will come to seek you, and as it is necessary for you to wait her arrival, I should fear you would find my conversation tedious, were the subject any other than your lovely mistress. The fairy Marmotte was not ignorant of your marriage: she had transformed our friend into an enamelled doll, thinking that you would be disgusted with her under that appearance. Luminous herself conducted the affair, knowing that nothing could deprive you of the princess, if you could be induced either to flay or to marry her. You married her, and you know what followed. In the night she returned to take again her natural form, and to lament the hardship of being compelled to spend her days in the pocket of the queen, your mother; for Marmotte had obtained from Luminous, that the princess should suffer till you should have fulfilled her first destiny, by flaying her; so irritated was she to find that you had married her, and that the King of the Whitings, her nephew, had no longer any chance of becoming her husband. As she was no longer a whale, it was difficult to contrive any way by which she might be flayed; but Marmotte, fertile in expedients, had contrived a way by which you should be brought to pound her, prohibit-

ing the princess from uttering a word that might betray the secret, under the risk of forfeiting her own life and yours, but at the same time promising her the most complete felicity after it should be accomplished. 'How will he be prevailed upon to execute this cruel commission?' said Camion to me; 'ah! my dear Citronette, if it were only my own life that was threatened, I would freely sacrifice it to spare him a moment's uneasiness; when the life of my charming prince is at the same time in danger, it is more than I can support; oh! Marmotte! cruel, inexorable Marmotte! is it possible that you can find pleasure in imposing such sufferings on one who never offended you.'

"She knew the time that was prescribed for her separation from you, but was not permitted to inform you of it. You know that the last time you saw her, you found her in tears, and when you demanded the cause, she pretended it was on account of the attentions you had paid to the little Camion: you had appeased her feigned jealousy just at the moment when Marmotte arrived. You was transported into the palace of the king, your father, while the princess and I, transformed into the figures of crabs, were put into a little basket made of rushes, which the fairy, hanging across her arm, carried through the air, in a car drawn by snakes, and

arrived soon at the palace of the King of the Whitings. This palace had formerly been the residence of Camion's parents. The capital city, changed into a lake, formed the reservoir, in which we remained afterwards for such a length of time, and all the men with fishes heads, that you saw, were the former inhabitants of the kingdom, thus punished for their rebellious conduct towards a king, whom they ought to have loved and respected. It is necessary to tell you in this place," continued Citronette, "that the afflicted king and queen were overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of Camion, when she sunk into the well; that the fairies who had assisted them before, came immediately to console them under this new distress. As soon, however, as they knew that it was in their former kingdom, that Camion was confined, they chose rather to encounter all the danger of Marmotte's terrible enmity, than to be separated from their dear child; and the king her father requested to be made clerk of the kitchen, and keeper of the mortar to the King of the Whitings. The fairy immediately touched him with her ring, by which his head changed into that of a fish, and he remained such as you have seen him, performing his different functions; nor can you wonder that he wept bitterly, when he saw you bring the crabs to be pounded, be-

cause he knew that his daughter was to undergo that fate, and he dreaded each time, that she might be one of the unfortunate victims.

"For the queen, she demanded to be transformed into a crab, that she might still be with the princess, and her wish was granted. For ourselves, as soon as we arrived in the palace of the King of the Whitings, the fairy presented us to him, at the same time advising him to have a soup made of crabs, served up to his table every day; after this order we were thrown into the reservoir. My first care was to seek the queen, in order that she might soothe the sorrows of my fair mistress; but whether it was the determination of fate, that we should not then meet, or whether it was owing to my want of skill to distinguish one crab from another, I found all my efforts unsuccessful. We still, however, passed the greatest part of our time in this search, and the only happy moments we enjoyed, were those in which we recalled to our memories the circumstances of our former situations. At last you arrived, and we were presented to you, but were prohibited from making ourselves known to you, before you should interrogate us, and we dared not infringe this law. The sufferings of the Princess Camion, under this trial, and her terrors, when she saw you in conversation with Marmotte, cannot be

described; we saw you pick out our companions with the most acute sensations, for we dreaded that it must soon come to our turn to suffer the same, and to suffer at your hands too, was more than we could bear to think of: there was not one of us that could bear the idea of being pounded, although we knew that we should be re-established in our original forms immediately after, and that Marmotte would cease to have any control over us. The morning of the day on which you was to inflict that torture, we were all assembled in one corner of the reservoir, weeping and lamenting our fate, when Luminous suddenly appeared to us. "Do not weep, my children," said this benevolent fairy, "I come to inform you, that provided you go with a bold heart, and without shewing any signs of fear, to your execution, you shall not be exposed to suffer that which is threatened you. I cannot tell you more at present, but forget not to observe the instructions I now give you, which are, to make no answer to the questions asked by your conductor, and you will be sure to find your account in them at last." We all thanked the fairy, and appeared before you with firmness and resolution. You spoke to some, who made you but vague answers, and when you had chosen out ten, we entered the reservoir again, where our approaching deliverance gave us fresh

spirits, and new courage to endure our present captivity. The assurances of Luminous had lightened the sorrows of Camion, and thrown an agreeable gaiety into her countenance, which rendered her extremely pleasing in the eyes of her mother and me, for the queen had at last discovered us, and since that we had never quitted each other. We were taken by your choice one morning, and had the sorrow of seeing the Princess Camion left behind, without having an opportunity of bidding adieu to her; at the same time an unknown power so acted upon us, and inspired us with thoughts of so lively and pleasant a nature, that we could repress the strong inclination we felt to burst into violent fits of laughter. We reached the fatal kitchen under your direction, where we no sooner touched the bottom of the mortar, than the fairy Luminous came to our assistance, and giving me my natural powers and figure, transported me to my former abode. I had also the consolation of seeing the queen and our other companions resume their former shape; but I knew not what became of them. The fairy embraced me, and directed me to remain here till you should come to seek the princess, when I was to inform you of all that had passed. I waited for this moment with impatience, as you may easily conceive, my lord," continued Citronette to the prince,

who listened attentively to the recital. "At length, as I was sitting at the entrance of my well, Luminous appeared before me.—'Our children will at last be happy, my dear Citronette;' said she, 'Zirphilis will finish his labours by finding the case of Marmotte; for, at length, he has flayed her.'—Ah! great queen, cried I, are we so happy as to have no longer reason to doubt it.—'Yes,' returned she, 'it is very true; he thought it was only Marmotte that he was going to flay; but it turned out to be the princess: and Marmotte, who was concealed in the handle of the knife reserved for this kind of sacrifice, at the moment that he finished to despoil the crab, sprung out of her hiding-place, and, making Camion disappear, transformed herself into the same shell which she had just quitted, with an intention, by that scheme, to intimidate him"—"What! then," interrupted the prince, "it was my charming spouse that I used so barbarously? What! could I have the heart to use her in so cruel a manner? Ah! heavens, she will never pardon me, and I shall richly merit that punishment." The unhappy Zerphilis thus ran on, venting his grief in accents of despair, and appeared so much distressed, that Citronette regreted she had made known to him the news.—"What!" said she, at length, seeing him sinking into reflec-

tions, " you did not then know this?"—"No," returned he, "that which determined me to the act, was the seeing in my ring Luminous in conversation with a person who was veiled, and who, at the same time, laughed heartily; I thought, and flattered myself, that it was my princess, and hoped that she had passed through the mortar like the rest." "But, my lord," cried Citronette, "the charm depended upon your pounding or flaying her; and, in reality, you have done neither, so as to injure her present condition: on the other hand, her whom Luminous was conversing with, was no other than the queen, mother to Camion; they were waiting the close of the adventure, in order to take charge of your spouse; it was absolutely necessary that this should take place."—"It does not signify;" returned the prince, "If I had known it, I should certainly have pierced my heart with that dreadful knife."—"But do you not know," interrupted Citronette, "that by such an act you would have lost the princess for ever; besides the sorrow of leaving her in the power of a rival?" The nymph thus reasoned so plausibly with Zerphilis that he became more convinced, and allowed some food to be brought him. Citronette strewed a small stand with dried fruits, and they sat down together.

When their repast was finished, they were

alarmed by a noise proceeding from the wall, and were surprised at seeing the wainscot open, through which came the fairy Luminous. She was seated in a small, diamond car, drawn by a thousand butterflies; and, having alighted, was going towards the prince, but he prevented her by throwing himself at her feet, and embracing her knees. The fairy raised him up:—"Prince Zerphilis," said she, "it is to-day that you are permitted to taste the fruit of your heroic actions. Be happy and comfort yourself, when I inform you, that, by my prayers, I have at length appeased the wrath of Marmotte; your courage having disarmed her: come, then, and receive Camion from her hands, and from mine."—"Ah! Madam," exclaimed the agitated prince, "is this not a dream that I see? Can I ever be happy?"—"Do not doubt it;" rejoined the fairy; "haste to your kingdom, to console the queen, your mother, for the loss of your father, and your absence." Here the prince felt a damp to his joy, on receiving this last piece of news; but the fairy, in order to draw him out of his afflictions, caused him to enter her car, and placing Citronette at their feet, the butterflies unfolded their brilliant wings, and departed for the kingdom of Zerphilis. This new monarch thanked the benevolent fairy a thousand times, and in a very

short time they arrived at the end of their aërial journey. As they proceeded to the city the fairy desired Zerphilis to open his ring, in which he found the case belonging to Marmotte, and which he was ordered to deliver to her. The queen, mother to Zerphilis, came to receive them as they descended, and all the people, who had been made acquainted with their prince's return, testified their joy by acclamations, which, in some measure, alleviated his sorrows; he embraced the queen tenderly, and they all retired to a magnificent apartment, which she had fitted up for the fairy. They were scarcely entered, when Marmotte arrived in a small car, made of Spanish leather, and drawn by six white rats. She conducted the beautiful Camion, and, having alighted, presented her to the queen. As for the prince, before he was allowed to touch her, he must present the case to Marmotte, which he did with so much grace, that she held out her paw for him to salute. Joy now reigned in the illustrious assembly:—the good Citronette wept with pleasure, as she kissed the hand of her young mistress, and Luminous, at length, wishing to see her young charges happily settled, took them both by the hand, and advancing towards the queen, "Behold, madam," said she, "two young lovers, who wait for nothing but your consent to make

them happy. We all pray you to bestow it, and no longer to delay their felicity." The queen answered the fairy, with equal politeness, —"Yes, my children," said she, "live happily together, and allow me, in yielding up my crown, to share with you that happiness to which I gladly contribute." Zerphilis and the princess threw themselves at the feet of the queen, and conjured her not to abandon them, but to aid them with her councils.

Marmotte then came forward, and touched the beautiful Camion with her ring; her clothes instantly changed into others of the most magnificent kind; her hair, which, till then, floated on her neck in careless ringlets, now twined itself into an elegant head-dress, while a crown, of the most exquisite workmanship, descended and placed itself on her head: it was composed of one single diamond, whose brilliance was so great as to diffuse fresh light through the whole palace. At the same moment, another crown, but of the same form and material, descended on the head of the prince. The marriage was performed without delay, and they were proclaimed king and queen of that charming country:—the fairies exerted all their powers to give an entertainment worthy the occasion, and, at last, departed, leaving them to enjoy the most complete happiness that ever mortals tasted.

Their days passed like moments; they constituted the sole happiness of each other, and had the felicity of at last dying in each other's arms, surrounded by their children. Their kingdom was afterwards divided, and, after many revolutions and changes, has formed, under one of their descendants, the flourishing and powerful empire of the Great Mogul; where the history of Camion is, to this day, recited, to shew that the sufferings which innocence is permitted to encounter, are but the trial of virtue, and that to endure them with firmness and resignation will ever obtain us an ample reward.

THE Fairy Benina had already detained the baroness de Granville much longer than the time allowed on preceding days; but observing her mind greatly soothed by the narrations of the children, and that she seemed beguiled from reflecting on the uncertain fate of her lord, the benevolent Queen of the Temple led the interesting group to the next picture in the saloon, and being, as usual, displayed, it exhibited the figure of a female huntress, on a wild shore of the sea, looking down with surprise and anxiety on the inanimate body of a youth, that appeared just cast upon the beach, by the fairy of the merciless ocean. Elenor, by the direction of Benina, immediately began the narrative attached to it, for the purpose of explaining the beauty of *Artless Love*.

ARTLESS LOVE.

THE TWELFTH TALE.

A CERTAIN queen, who was tenderly beloved by the king her husband, still felt unhappy because she had no children. She had already passed the time of life when such an event could be expected, yet she did not cease to wish for it. At last, however, she brought into the world a most lovely little girl, and the rejoicings throughout the kingdom were great in proportion as the event had been unlooked for. Every one was anxious to find a name for the new princess that might express the general sentiment towards her, and at last she was called Aimée, be-

cause she was beloved by all. The queen caused it to be engraved on a turquoise, with the addition that she was daughter to the King of the Happy Island, and then hung it round her neck; having been taught to believe that it would ensure her a long continuance of happiness and good fortune. But it soon appeared that the queen's faith in such an opinion was ill-founded; for the infant being taken one day on the sea in a pleasure-boat, by her nurse, the weather, which had been before perfectly serene, suddenly changed to a dreadful tempest, so that it became impossible for them to approach the shore. The vessel, which was slightly built, and calculated only for a smooth sea, was soon dashed to pieces, and the nurse, together with the sailors, perished; but the little princess, who was fast asleep in her cradle, continued floating upon the surface of the water, and, as the storm abated, was left by the receating waves on the shore of a pleasant country. The land, though beautiful, was almost without inhabitants, for Ravagio, the Ogre, and his wife Tormentine, had taken up their residence in it, and devoured most of the people.

The Ogres are a terrible race of human monsters; for when they have once tasted the flesh of man, woman, or child, they can scarcely ever eat any thing else after. Tormentine, who

was half a fairy, always contrived some way to draw unhappy victims towards their habitation; she smelt, at the distance of a league, the arrival of the poor little princess, and hastened to the shore to seize the destined prey before Ravagio should be able to get scent of it; but no sooner did she cast her eye upon the beauteous infant, laid in rich brocades and other fine draperies, than her sanguinary appetite began to give way to a kind of feeling she had never before experienced. The cheeks of the young Aimée, covered with the most delicate rose colour, her coral lips, half open, that seemed to smile unsuspicious of danger, and her little, dimpled hands, that lay on her breast, expressive of her defenceless state, would have moved even a more cruel savage. Tormentine, who had been herself a mother, was touched with pity at the sight, and resolved, for a time, at least, to nourish it with the most tender care, well knowing that it would always be a dainty morsel whenever she chose to feast on it.

She took Aimée in her arms, and tying the cradle on her back, set out on the road to the cavern. "Here, Ravagio," said she, shewing the young infant, "here is a treat; but, I vow, by my head, you shall not wet even a tooth upon it. It is a female infant; I propose to bring it up; we will marry it to our son, and

[th]ey will have Ogres of an extraordinary figure, [wh]o will make us merry in our old age."—"I [li]ke your idea," said Ravagio, gaily; "you [kn]ew more sense than generally belongs to fe[ma]les. Let me examine this child, she seems [wo]nderfully beautiful."—"Do not think to eat [it]," said she, putting Aimée into his rude arms. "No," returned he, "I would rather die with [hu]nger." Thus Ravagio, his wife, and their [in]fant son, alternately caressed the little Aimée [wi]th a degree of tenderness that seemed won[de]rful in beings of their character.

But the poor child, who had been unaccus[to]med to look upon such deformed objects, and [wh]o could not find with Tormentine the delicate [br]east she had been used to with her nurse, first [be]gan to sob, and then burst out into so loud a [cr]y, that the cavern of Ravagio resounded with [it]. Tormentine, fearing that this would irritate [he]r husband, took the infant, and followed by [he]r young ones, of which there were six, one more frightful than the other, proceeded to the wood. She was half a fairy, as has been before observed; her power consisted only in an ivory ring, which she wore, and which was able to perform almost any thing by wishing it. Tormentine was therefore no sooner in the wood, than, taking her ivory ring in her hand, she said, "I wish, in the name of the royal Fairy Trusio,

that, this instant, a hind of the most beautiful and delicate species may come, and leave her fawn, to suckle this young infant which fortune has given me." Scarcely had she finished speaking than the object of her wishes came bounding towards Aimée, and suffered her to suck without molestation. Then Tormentine carried her back to the cavern, where the hind followed, and continued to nurse the young princess, while the young Ogres rocked the cradle whenever she cried.

Thus was the daughter of the king brought up, while every one in the Happy Island wept night and day for her loss; and so persuaded was the king that she was buried in the sea, that he resolved to appoint a successor. For that purpose he spoke to the queen, who desired him to do any thing he might think proper, for that she could not hope for more children, and as now fifteen years were passed away since her dear Aimée had been lost, it would be folly to think of ever seeing her again. The king, after having considered the matter, resolved to send an express to his brother, offering the crown to his son; and, accordingly, the ambassadors, having received orders to bring him back, departed, in excellent ships, well appointed for the reception of the young heir to the kingdom. The brother to the King of the

Happy Island, had extensive dominions at a great distance. He received the ambassadors with great honour; but no sooner did he learn the cause of their visit, than he began to weep with joy; for he was an ambitious king, and the prospect of possessing greater dominions in his family, overwhelmed him with delight. He sent for his son, the Prince Namarand, who, upon being made acquainted with the king's intentions, testified the most lively satisfaction; and every thing being prepared for his departure, the set sail, with a fair wind, for the Happy Island: but let us leave them for the present, with fortune for their guide, and return to Ravagio's cavern.

The princess Aimée increased in beauty, as in years, and it might be truly said of her, that the Loves, the Graces, and the Goddesses, all united, never possessed so many charms; and the radiance of her beauty almost seemed to enlighten the gloomy cavern of Ravagio and Tormentine. The cruelty which she observed in these monsters rendered her, if possible, more mild and gentle; and, from the moment she knew their terrible inclination for human flesh, her exertions were unlimited to preserve the unhappy victims that fell into their hands. Indeed, frequently, she exposed herself to their fury, by suffering the prisoners to escape, and

once the anger of Ravagio was so much excited by it, that he would have put her to death, had it not been for the prayers of his son, who loved her tenderly. But, alas! what were her sensations when she even thought of marrying this monster! Although she knew nothing of her birth, yet she concluded, from the richness of her draperies, the gold chain, and the turquoise, that her origin must be noble. She neither knew how to read or write, or understood any language except the jargon of the Ogres. Thus, though she lived in perfect ignorance, yet strong principles of virtue fixed themselves in her breast, as much as if she had been brought up in the most refined court.

A tiger-skin almost constituted the whole of her dress; her arms were half naked; she carried a quiver of arrows on her shoulder, and a bow fastened to her girdle: her flaxen hair was only bound with a braid of rushes, and floated on her neck and shoulders at the pleasure of the wind. She had also a pair of buskins, made of the same rushes. In this kind of apparel she traversed the woods, like a second Diana, and she would not have known that she was beautiful, but by the innocent mirrors of those clear streams, at which she sometimes stooped to drink the refreshing waters. The sun produced upon her complexion the same effect that it does

upon wax; it whitened it so much, that it was beyond the power of the sea air to alter it. She never eat any food but what she took in the chace, or by fishing, and those amusements furnished her often with an excuse for leaving the cavern, and for avoiding the sight of the most deformed objects in nature. "Heavens," cried she, often, shedding torrents of tears, "what have I done that I should be sacrificed to that frightful young Ogre? Why am not I rather to be drowned in the sea, than remain in this cruel place with no one but Ogres for companions?" Thus did she sigh and lament, imploring deliverance or death.

Whenever the wind was very high during the night, the next morning was sure to find Aimée on the sea-shore, to prevent those who might chance to be shipwrecked on the coast from proceeding towards the habitation of the Ogres, where they were certain of finding inevitable destruction, more dreadful than the tempest they had escaped. One night, particularly, the wind blew with the most terrible violence, and at the dawn of day, being her usual custom, Aimée walked towards the beach; she perceived, at a distance, the figure of a man floating on a piece of timber, which he held fast in his arms; he several times essayed to gain the shore, but as often was carried away by the violence

of the waves. The princess tried in vain to assist him; she made many signs, pointing out the places the most accessible for him to land; but he neither saw nor heard her: sometimes he came so near as to be quite discernible; then a wave would wash over him, and he would, for some minutes, totally disappear; at last a tremendous wave came with a great swell, and hurrying him along, threw him senseless on the sand, within a few yards of the princess, where he lay apparently dead. Aimée approached him, and although his pale face made him appear perfectly lifeless, yet she neglected not to give him every succour in her power: luckily, she seldom went without a certain herb, the odour of which was possessed of the singular power to restore those who had fainted: she rubbed his hands with it, and chafed his temples. At length the stranger opened his eyes, but became quite struck with astonishment on beholding the princess; he could not believe but what it was an angel; they both spoke at once, but neither understood a word, and remained gazing upon one another with an astonishment mingled with surprise. The princess had never seen any human being, except a few fishermen that the Ogres had taken, and some few straggling peasants that she had saved from their power. What must she think, then, when she saw the

most beautiful man in the world, dressed in the most magnificent apparel? for, in short, he was no other than the prince Namarand, her cousin. The vessel in which he had embarked having met with a furious storm, was driven on to the Ogres' coast, and dashed to pieces on the rocks, every one perishing except the prince, who, owing to his skill in swimming, was able to reach the shore on a fragment of the wreck.

The young prince, on his side, wondered, that in a country so desolate and wild, he should have found a person, in every respect, so extraordinary. The ideas of courts and of courtly beauties, that had lately filled his mind, seemed now immediately to vanish, when compared with the beauty that stood before him: in mutual surprise, therefore, and confusion, the prince and princess continued to gaze on each other, and frequently to speak, but without either being able to understand a single word of what the other said. The beauteous Aimée would have continued long in this state, but, urged by reflection of the perils to which the stranger would be exposed, she sunk into a deep melancholy, which immediately overspread her countenance. The prince, who feared some indisposition had seized her, hastened to her and took her hand, but she refused it, making the most anxious signs that he should

go away. To explain her wishes, she began to run with great swiftness, and returned, making a sign to him to do as she had done: the prince, obedient to what he understood of her directions, ran also, and returned; when she saw him return, she frowned and looked angry, and taking her bow and arrows, endeavoured to make him understand, that his life was in danger if he stayed. The prince, however, thinking that she wished to kill him, kneeled down and waited for the blow; but when she saw how little he understood her thoughts and wishes, she was perplexed beyond measure:—"What," exclaimed she, "shall I then see thee become the victim of those cruel monsters who have already desolated the whole country? I shall see them tear thee to pieces, and devour thee, without mercy. She began to weep excessively, and Namarand's wonder and distress were increased by his ignorance of the cause of this sudden sorrow.

However, the princess Aimée succeeded at last in making her guest understand that she did not wish him to follow her. She then took him by the hand, and led him into a cavern in the rock, which faced towards the sea. It was sufficiently deep to conceal any one who wished not to be seen, and she had herself frequently retired there to mourn the necessity she was un-

der of leading a life so little suited to her inclinations: she often slept there, when the heat of the sun made it impossible for her to return to her associates; and as she was possessed of much delicacy and skill, she had lined it with wings of the handsomest and most variegated butterflies: upon strong canes tied together, and laid cross ways upon each other, she had made a bed of dried rushes; large sea shells, filled with water, served as flower pots, and stood in various parts of the cave, scenting it with the large bunches of aromatic and odoriferous flowers, which she placed in them every morning. A thousand little devices and inventions, made of the bones of fishes, sea shells, and rushes, in spite of their simplicity, had something so delicate and tasty in their appearance, that it was easy for the prince to discern the ingenuity of his companion.

The commodiousness of this place was so great, that Namarand concluded it must be the residence of the young huntress, and he felt an inward satisfaction at being allowed to live with her, more so than in going to take possession of his uncle's crown.

She made a motion for him to sit down, and that she might make him understand that she wished him to remain there until she should return and bring him some refreshment, she took

the band from her hair, and tied the prince by the arm to the little bed which stood in the cave. Having thus made known her intentions, she set out for the cavern of Ravagio. Prince Namarand saw her depart, and longed earnestly to follow; but the fear of displeasing her restrained him, and he began to abandon himself to reflections which the presence of the princess had banished. "Where am I?" said he; "into what country has fortune cast me? My vessels are lost, my people are drowned, and as for myself, I find nothing but a barren and uninhabited land, where I am imprisoned in a rock, instead of finding a crown, and living in splendour and magnificence. What people shall I find here? If I am to judge by the one I have seen, they are divinities; but the fear she had of my following her steps, that barbarous language, so ill-sounding in her beautiful mouth, makes me fear something still more fatal than that which has befallen me!" Then he began to think of the incomparable beauty of the young savage, till he was tired of waiting, and her absence seemed to him the greatest of all possible evils.

At length she appeared, running with all haste; she had not ceased to think of the prince all the way, and her thoughts had worked her up to such a degree, that she thought her great-

est haste too slow. She was so loaded, and had made such speed, that when she entered the cave, her strength almost failed, and she found herself very unwell under the great tiger-skin which served her as a cloak. Namarand made her sit down, and placing himself at her feet, expressed the most lively concern for her sufferings. In a little time she recovered herself, and shewed him the many things she had brought. Amongst others there were four parrots and six squirrels, roasted in the sun; cherries, dried grapes, and other fruits; the plates were of cinnamon and cedar; the knife of a sharp flint; the dishes of large leaves of trees; a shell to drink out of, and some spring water in another.

The prince testified his gratitude by every sign he could imagine, and Aimée, on her part, let him see, by the smiles that animated her countenance, that she was pleased with having it in her power to oblige him. But at length the hour for them to separate drew near, and she made him again understand that she must go: in vain the prince remonstrated; he threw himself at her feet, and implored her not to leave him; but although she was dying to stay, yet, assuming a little severity, she rushed out of the cave, making signs to him not to follow.

The prince passed a very uneasy night; that of the princess was not less so. When she ar-

rived at the cavern of the Ogres, and found herself surrounded by the young ones; when she saw the frightful figure of the eldest, and thought of him for her husband; and when the form of the beautiful stranger presented itself to her mind; she was almost ready to go and throw herself headlong into the sea: added to this, the fear of Ravagio or Tormentine finding out the hiding place of the prince, gave her the greatest uneasiness.

These alarms kept her awake the whole of the night: at dawn of day she rose, and took the road to the rock, where her dear prince waited with impatience her arrival. She was loaded with birds, fruits, milk, and every thing that she was able to procure for him. When she arrived, however, the prince was fast asleep; he had suffered so much fatigue from his exertions in the water the night before, that having thrown himself on the bed of rushes, as soon as Aimée had left him, he continued to sleep until he was visited by her in the morning.

"Alas!" said she, as she awoke him, "I have not been able to sleep during the whole night, for thinking of you, and you are capable of sleeping!" The prince looked at her, and heard her without understanding; yet he spoke to her in his turn. "What joy," said he, "beautiful virgin, what joy do I feel on once more be-

holding you. It already seems to me a century since you departed from this rock." He spoke thus for some time, without reflecting that she was ignorant of his language. On her side she conjured him to fly, telling him that if he remained, he would certainly be discovered by Ravagio and Tormentine; that she dared not hope to conceal him any longer, and yet that his absence would occasion her death, though she consented to that, rather than see him devoured. Here her beautiful eyes were bedewed with tears, and she sunk on her knees before him, joining her hands together in the attitude of supplication. The prince could not make out what she wanted; her language was so totally different, that he could not understand a word, and he threw himself in despair at her feet. At length, however, she made him comprehend her meaning, by pointing incessantly to the road which led from the part of the country where they were, and he in his turn made her understand that he would rather die than leave her. She felt with lively joy this proof of his attachment, and, to shew him to what a degree she was pleased, she took the chain of gold and the turquoise, which the queen her mother had hung to her neck, and tied it round the arm of the prince. Transported as he was at this favour, yet he did not pass it by without being struck

with some characters that were written on it: he looked at them with attention, and read the following lines.

> Aimée, beloved, on thee may fortune smile!
> Heir to the monarch of the Happy Isle.

Never was astonishment equal to that of the prince: he knew well that the little princess that was lost was named Aimée; he doubted not but this ornament was hers; but he could not be certain that this beautiful savage was the princess: perhaps, thought he, the waves may have thrown it upon the shore. He looked, however, at Aimée with fixed attention, and the more he looked, the more he seemed to discover a certain family likeness, and particularly a tender movement in his heart, which assured him that the young savage was his cousin.

She saw with surprise the actions which he made; raising his hands up to the skies, as if to thank them, then looking at her and weeping: at last, taking her hands, and kissing them with uncommon fervour, he thanked her for her liberality, as he returned the chain, saying that he should be more pleased with a lock of her hair, which she readily gave him.

Four days passed thus: the princess carrying every morning provision to last her cousin the day: she spent all the time she was able in his

company, and the time passed away very agreeably, although they could not as yet understand each other.

One evening, when she had returned home very late, and was in expectation of receiving a severe reprimand from the terrible Tormentine, she was extremely surprised at being received very kindly, and being asked to partake of some choice fruits, with which a large table was overspread. Ravagio, however, damped her joy, in a short time, by telling her those fruits were her's as a present from his son, and that it was now time to make them happy, by uniting them, which he was resolved should be performed in three days. At this dreadful news the princess was ready to die with grief; but, hiding her affliction under an appearance of gaiety, she answered him, that she was ready to obey him, provided it might be put off a few days more. "What is the reason that I do not eat thee?" said he, flying into a furious passion at his wishes being delayed: "this moment shall be thy last, if you throw any obstructions in the way; prepare, therefore, for in three days the marriage shall be performed." The poor princess sunk senseless, through excess of fear, into the savage arms of Tormentine and the Ogrelet that was to be her husband, and who loved her much, although his

figure was so dreadful: he prayed Ravagio to relent, and, by his entreaties, so well succeeded as to procure the princess a few days more to consider of it. Aimée slept not a moment during the whole night: as soon as the day began to appear, she arose and hasted to the cave.—When she saw her dear prince, she uttered the most piteous cries, and shed a torrent of tears. He was confounded at the sudden sorrow of his benefactress, and felt a grief equal to hers; for his violent love for the beauteous Aimée had made more progress in four days than an ordinary passion would have done in four years: he was dying with impatience to know the cause of her distress: she knew well that he could not comprehend her tears and anguish, and thought in vain of means by which she might tell him the cause of them. At length, however, she succeeded, by taking the prince's hand and placing a crown of flowers on her head, making signs that she was going to do the same with another; and by that means she made him understand, that she was going to marry another by force. At this news he was on the point of expiring at her feet: he knew not the roads or ways in that country, by which they might escape together, and Aimée did not know them much better.

In this dilemma they wept and looked at each

other with tender regard, shewing, by their actions, that they would sooner die than that event should take place. The princess remained with him till night made it necessary to depart; when, as she walked meditating upon the misfortune which was ready to fall upon them, she did not perceive a large bramble that grew in her way, and heedlessly stepping into it, one of the thorns ran very deep into her foot: happily, however, she had not far to go to the cavern, where she arrived with her leg in a terrible condition, and herself extremely faint through loss of blood. Ravagio, Tormentine, and the Ogrelets, ran to her assistance, as soon as they perceived her; she suffered great pain at the extraction of the thorn, and the family of Ogres was very attentive to her recovery, that she might be able to espouse their son on the appointed day: they pounded some leaves of a healing nature, and having bound them to her foot, Aimée went to bed with no little anxiety on account of the prince. "Alas!" said she, "I shall not be in a condition to walk to-morrow! What will he think at my absence? I gave him to understand that they were going to marry me; he will think, that not being able to resist it, I have yielded to their authority. Who will carry him food? without which he must unavoidably perish! If he comes to seek me he is

lost; if I send an Ogrelet to him Ravagio will be informed of it." She burst into tears with the excess of her grief, and as the morning began to dawn, rose up with an intention to go out to see him, but found that her foot was too much swelled for her to walk, and Tormentine, who saw her go out, stopped her; saying, at the same time, if she offered to proceed, the next step she made should be down her throat.

In the meanwhile the prince, who saw the accustomed hour pass by, without the appearance of the young savage, began to feel the most lively apprehensions for her safety and welfare: the later it grew, the more his fears augmented; all the most dreadful suffering in the world appeared to him less terrible than the inquietudes to which his love made him subject. Two more days elapsed without the usual visit of Aimée, and the prince suffering, as well from hunger, as from his apprehensions on her account, went out, resolving to die in attempting to seek her.

He walked a long time without knowing where he went; at length, however, he perceived a fresh beaten path, at the entrance of the wood, and making no doubt but that this was made by his benefactress, he immediately pursued it. After having walked along it, for the space of an hour, without being able to discover any

human being, or the sign of any habitation, his ear was assailed by the noise of voices, and, at a short distance before him, he perceived the cavern of Ravagio, from whence issued a thick smoke. Here the unfortunate prince promised himself he should learn some news of his mistress, and fearlessly entered the cavern; but no sooner had he set his foot in the first apartment, than the horrible Ravagio, who happened at that juncture to be at home, flew upon him with the strength of a hungry lion, and seizing him with all his force, whirled him round in the air, fully resolved to devour him that moment. He would certainly have put this cruel design into execution, had not the cries of Namarand reached the ears of the princess: at that voice, she felt no longer the pain of her foot; but rushed out of her chamber, and burst into that where Ravagio held the trembling prince in his frightful paws.—She was pale and fainting, and throwing herself on her knees before the Ogre, conjured him to preserve that man, as a treat for the day of her nuptials with the Ogrelet, when she promised him, that, if he would have the human flesh roasted, she would endeavour to eat of it. At these words, Ravagio was so pleased, to think that his future daughter was going to adopt their manners and customs, that he

granted her request, and, loosing the prince, shut him up in a den, where they usually kept their prisoners.

Aimée having thus gained the life of the prince, next proceeded to make his imprisonment less painful, by asking permission to feed him, in order that he might not grow lean, but might do credit to the entertainment: to this the Ogre consented, and from that time Aimée carried regularly to the prince the choicest meats and most delicate morsels she could procure.

When he saw her enter his prison, although he felt inclined to reproach her with leaving him, yet the joy he experienced at seeing her again banished every sensation of anger in his heart: but when he saw the wound in her foot, his joy gave place to pity and sorrow. They wept together, and the prince could not eat for thinking of the unhappy situation in which they were; but Aimée presented him such delicate enticements with her own hands, with so much grace, that it was impossible to refuse them.

She caused the young Ogres to carry him some fresh moss, which she covered with the down of birds; and then made a comfortable bed for him to repose on. Her interview was at length interrupted by Tormentine, who

called her; she had no time to bid him adieu, by any way but giving him her hand, which he kissed with inexpressible transports.

Ravagio, Tormentine, and the princess slept in one of the concavities of the rock; and the Ogrelet with his five brothers and the prince slept in another, which was connected with the former by a small wooden door. It is well known to be a custom among the Ogres, that every evening, when their families go to bed, each places on his head a rich crown of gold and jewels: this is their only magnificence; but rather than sleep without it, they would suffer themselves to be strangled or shot. In the middle of the night Aimée, who lay awake, thinking on the amiable prince, reflected, that although Ravagio and Tormentine had given their word not to touch the human flesh they had in the house, yet if they had a longing for food in the night, a case which frequently happened, they would certainly go directly to the young prince and eat him up. This idea gave her so much uneasiness, that, not being able to sleep, she rose up, and having a scheme in her head to prevent it, she went softly to the apartment in which the young Ogres slept, and taking the crown of the first she could lay her hands on gently off his head, she placed it immediately on that of the prince, who was

quite awake, but who, knowing not what person did him that office, durst not speak or move.

Scarcely had the princess shut herself up in her room again, than Ravagio, thinking of the good meal which he had lost by not devouring the stranger he had in his possession, and his appetite increasing the more he thought of the delicious morsel, he rose on a sudden, and went directly into the cave where the prince lay with his children. As it was not moonlight, and Ravagio was not possessed of an extraordinary good sight, he thought the best means of distinguishing the prince from his children, was by the crowns on their heads; he therefore felt with his hand, and darting on the young Ogre who was without the crown, seized him by the throat, first sucking the blood, and then devouring the flesh, bones, and all. The princess who heard the crackling of the unfortunate victim that Ravagio was chewing, trembled and felt the most lively apprehensions on account of her lover, and the prince, on his side, who was yet more near to the dreadful scene, felt the most disgusting horror and detestation of the monster.

The day delivered the princess from the state of inquietude under which she laboured, for she flew immediately to Namarand, and felt the most lively joy at finding him alive. She told him the circumstance, and at the same time en-

treated him to think of some plan by which they might escape from the murderous jaws of these savages. While they were thus engaged in conversation as well as they could by signs, a most hideous yell, accompanied by piercing screams, made the cavern re-echo: they proceeded from the Ogress, who, upon seeing the ground stained with blood, had looked into the bed, and missed the youngest of her Ogrelets. Ravagio knew instantly the cause of her cries, but finding the evil without any remedy, he put on a bold face, and going up to her, whispered in her ear, that, having been extremely hungry in the night, he had risen with an intention of eating the flesh they had in the house, but that, being between sleep and wake, he had mistaken one of their sons for the intended prey. Tormentine feigned to be appeased, for Ravagio was fierce and cruel, and if she had manifested any signs of anger or displeasure, he would have eaten her up in a short time.

Aimée and the prince were continually engaged in thinking of the means of escaping from the cavern; but so many obstacles presented themselves in their way, that one was no sooner thought of, than it was given up. She conjured him to fly alone, and by that only means to put his life in safety; but he assured her, by the many signs that he made constantly, that such

a separation would be even worse than death itself. They wept together, they took one another's hands, and each in their way vowed an eternal constancy. Aimée then shewed the prince the draperies and the cradle in which Tormentine had found her; and Namarand instantly recollected the arms of the king, his uncle, which were embroidered on them in gold, and studded with diamonds. This sight gave him infinite delight, as it assured him that the young savage was his cousin, and the transports which he shewed gave her to understand that he knew something important of the cradle.—On his part he was dying to acquaint her with their relationship; but could not think of any means by which he might make her comprehend. The hour for retiring drew near, and the whole family went to bed as they did the night before. The princess feeling the same uneasiness with regard to her lover, got up again, without making any noise, went into the cavern as before, and taking a second crown, placed it lightly on his head. Namarand was not asleep, and wished much to detain her; but the respect he entertained for her, and the fear lest he should displease her, withheld him.

Never was any event so fortunate as that of Aimée's placing the crown on the head of the prince: without this precaution it would have

been all over with him. The cruel Tormentine awoke with a dream which she had had, that she was eating the prey they then had in the house, and having found it in her dream most excellent, fearful lest Ravagio should again rise and deprive her of it, she jumped out of bed, and hurried to the room where the prince lay. Here wishing to be more circumspect than her husband, she placed her hand on every one of their heads, and finding one without a crown, she darted upon him, and devoured him in a short time. Aimée and the prince heard this second meal with additional terror, knowing the consequences would be dreadful; and Tormentine having satisfied her hunger, crept again to bed, and fell fast asleep. "Heaven assist us!" cried the princess; "what must we do in this distressing case?" The prince did not pray with less fervency, and sometimes it came into his head that he would attack the Ogres, and endeavour to overcome them by his strength; but how could he hope for any advantage by that means? Their skin was impenetrable, and being taller than the largest giants, they were possessed of prodigious powers: so that he prudently thought there remained no way of setting himself and his fair companion at liberty, but by some skilful artifice.

No sooner did the morning discover to Tor-

mentine the bloody catastrophe of the preceding night, than she filled the air with her dreadful howlings, and Ravagio, on enquiring and learning the cause, appeared like a man in despair: he raved about the cavern, tore up whole trees by their roots, dashed them to pieces against the rocks, and at length, his first fury being spent, he went to seek Tormentine: they resolved together to fall upon the prince and Aimée, and eat them up immediately, by which means they might prevent any further mischief. For that purpose they rushed, like two wild beasts, into the chambers of the intended victims; but they, having overheard the resolution made to destroy them, had secreted themselves in a small cavity in the wall: the Ogres, however, did but too well know where they were, yet their resentment having rather subsided, they let them alone for the present, not wishing, by eating Aimée, to put it out of their power to marry the Ogrelet.

As for the prince and princess, they were half dead with fear; and of all the perils they had to encounter, that of being eaten alive appeared the most dreadful. Aimée had racked her mind to think of an expedient by which they might be saved; but all her efforts proved ineffectual, till, on a sudden, she recollected the little ivory ring, which Tormentine used in the

woods, producing by it many miracles, of which she could not comprehend the meaning. "If," said she to herself, "the words of Tormentine are capable of performing such wonders with it, surely mine will not fail of producing the same effect, when they are used in a just cause?" Full of this idea she ran to the cavern in which the Ogres slept; she sought the ring, which was always kept in a small hole in the floor, and having attained it,—"I wish," said she, "in the name of the Royal Fairy Trusio, to speak the same language as him I love?" She would have made many more wishes, but Ravagio, unexpectedly, entered the room, and the princess, putting the ring quickly into the hole again, went directly to the prince. "Dear stranger," cried she, in her native language, which she had gained by the powerful ring, "your sorrows give me more affliction than my own." At these words, the prince became immoveable with surprise. "I understand you, adorable princess!" exclaimed he; "you speak my language, and I may then hope that you will understand me when I say, that I feel less pain for my own, than for your sufferings;—that you are dearer to me than life itself; than light, or any thing in nature."—"My expressions are more simple;" replied Aimée, "but they are not less sincere; I feel

that I could give freely all that I possess, my flocks, and the contents of my cave, for the pleasure of seeing you a moment." The prince returned her a thousand thanks for the kind dispositions she expressed towards him, and conjured her to inform him who had taught her his language in so short a time? She then related to him the power of the enchanted ring, as well as by what means it had worked so wonderful a change; and he, in return for her narration, informed her of her birth and his relationship. At this news the princess was transported with joy; and as she had naturally an extraordinary understanding, she uttered so many delicate sentiments, and expressed them in language so refined, that the prince felt his whole soul absorbed in the passion he had conceived for her. They had no time to lose in arranging their manner of proceeding:—the object of their consideration was to fly from the angry monsters, and to seek an asylum for their innocent loves. They promised to love each other eternally, and, as soon as it was in their power, to be united. Aimée, at length, resolved, that as soon as Ravagio and Tormentine were asleep, they should go, and saddling the great camel of Ravagio, mount upon it and go where it should please heaven to conduct them. This idea was approved by the prince, and they felt

so much joy at being able to escape, that the charming prospect of the future effaced, in some measure, the present evils which they laboured under.

At length, the wished-for night arrived; the princess having procured some flour, kneaded with her snowy hands a cake, into which she put a bean, and taking the ring in her hand, she pronounced the following words:—

"Bean, endu'd with fairy pow'r,
Learn to speak within this cake;
When you're question'd, till the hour
That the fire your paste shall bake.
In the royal Trusio's name,
Bean, from thee, this aid I claim.—"

Then placing the cake upon some hot cinders, within the grate, she hastened to the prince who was waiting for her in the filthy den of the young Ogres.—"Let us go," cried she, in a low voice, "all is ready; the Ogres and their children are asleep, and the camel waits for us in the wood."—"Love and fortune be our guides!" returned the prince. "Come, then, my Aimée, and let us seek a tranquil and happy asylum." The princess had taken care, the night before, to secure the ivory ring; and every thing being, therefore, prepared, they bid adieu to the frightful cavern of the Ogres, and struck into the woods, where, finding the camel tied to a

tree, they mounted and set out on their journey, going they knew not where.

In the mean while Tormentine, whose head was filled with vexation, rolled and tossed about in her bed without being able to sleep. She chanced to put her arm into the little bed of the princess, which stood close by the side of her's, and not finding her there—"Where are you, my daughter?" cried she, in an angry tone. "Here I am," answered the bean, "aside of the fire." "Come this moment to your bed," said Tormentine, in a voice more loud than thunder, "or I will eat you without mercy."—"I will come immediately," returned the bean; "go to sleep; I shall be in bed directly." Tormentine, being afraid of waking Ravagio, ceased to speak, and, for a short time, fell into a doze; but waking, about two hours after, she again felt in the little bed;—"What! little wretch, you will not come to bed?" cried she. "I am warming myself as much as I am able," returned the bean; "I wish you was in the middle of the fire for your pains;" said the Ogress. "I am almost there," answered the bean, "and shall be warm enough presently." Tormentine again went to sleep; but towards day she awoke again, and called the princess. The bean, which was then completely baked, answered no longer. This silence alarmed her:

she got up instantly; shouted, and calling the princess, sought over all the place; but her surprise was great indeed, when she found both of them gone; then flying to the ring, which was her sole support in such cases of danger and difficulty, she was thunderstruck on finding it gone too.—The woods re-echoed with her cries and screams.—"Arise, my darling, my sweet Ravagio," cried she;—"thy Tormentine is betrayed. Our human flesh has taken flight, and is not to be found."

Ravagio opened his eye, and jumped out of his bed, like a furious tiger. He growled,—he roared,—he screamed,—he foamed. "Give me my seven-league boots," said he, "this instant! or I will devour you every one. I will overtake our little vagabonds; I will make them repent of this: they shall make a nice mouthful for my supper." Tormentine then brought him a pair of boots, constructed by a fairy, and made so, that, by one stride, he could go seven leagues. Alas! then, by what means could the lovely pair escape so swift a pursuer? The reader will, perhaps, be astonished at the slow progress of the prince and Aimée; who, if they had made a proper use of the fairy ring, might have been many thousand miles off; but they were novices in the fairy art, and knew not what they might do with so great a gift as the ring of

Trusio; nothing but great extremities enlightening them on the subject.

Pleased with being together, and understanding each other, they proceeded gaily, talking about the future, and caring little about the present; when suddenly the princess, happening to turn her head, perceived Ravagio striding after them with great swiftness. "Prince, we are lost," cried she; "behold that great monster, who comes down upon us like thunder."—"What must we do?" cried the agitated prince, "What will become of us? I do not regret my own life; but yours, my dear mistress, is exposed."

"I shall be disconsolate," cried Aimeé, weeping, "if the ring will not afford us some assistance. In that case we must prepare for the death which awaits us from the jaws of that terrible monster. I wish," continued she, taking the little ring in her hand, "in the name of the Royal Fairy Trusio, that our camel may become a lake, the prince a boat, and myself an old boat-woman, rowing it." At the same instant, the changes were made, and Ravagio came to the banks of the lake.—"Hollo! hollo! old wretch," cried he, "have you not seen two persons with a camel go on this road?" The old woman, who took care to keep in the

centre of the lake, put her spectacles on her nose, and eying Ravagio from top to toe, made him a sign that they were gone past to the left. The Ogre believed it, and set off to the left with hasty strides. The princess then wished for her natural form, and giving it also to the other too, they once more set out on their journey, turning to the right in order to avoid their enemy.

While they were thus making all the haste they could from the Ogre's country, beyond which his power did not extend, hoping to meet with some one who could direct them to the Happy Island, they lived upon the fruits which the country afforded, drank of the clearest fountains, and slept under large trees, whose spreading branches kept the wind from molesting them; but still they had greater danger than the wind to encounter, in the numerous wild beasts that roamed about in search of prey: but the princess, who was an excellent huntress, with her bow and arrows, generally succeeded in killing those that approached them. The prince felt the most lively impatience to arrive at his father's or his uncle's court, as Aimée had promised him, that, with their consent, she would receive him as her husband. That which we may, perhaps, not believe without difficulty, is, that he lived with her at this time in the woods, and conducted himself so respectfully towards

her, that there has seldom been seen so much passion and so much virtue together.

After Ravagio had overrun the mountains, woods, hills, and plains, he returned to his cavern, where Tormentine and their young ones, particularly the Ogrelet, who was half distracted, waited for him with anxious desire to know the success of his journey. He was loaded with five or six persons who had unhappily fallen into his merciless paws. "Well," cried the impatient Ogress, "has my Ravagio erased from the face of the earth those vagabonds that dared to escape from our power? I hope you have not left a single piece of bone."—"They must have been destroyed by some wild beast," answered Ravagio, "for I have run like an hungry wolf all over the face of the country, and have not been able to find them any where. The only creature I saw, was an old woman, who told me she had seen them go to the left."—"By my head," returned Tormentine, "that was one of them; return this moment, and if you see them again, give them no quarter."

Ravagio greased his seven-league boots a second time, and departed with the fury of a mad man, resolving to spare neither boat, lake, or old woman. Our young lovers were just emerging from a wood, where they had passed the night, when they perceived Ravagio at a great

distance, making towards them with accelerated steps. At this unwelcome sight, they both were ready to sink with terror: however, the prince summoning all the courage he was master of, jumped off the camel: "My dear Aimée," said he, "here is our enemy: I feel sufficient courage to fight him, and I dare hope that you feel sufficient resolution to enable you to fly in the mean time?"—"Ah cruel prince!" cried she, "how could you suppose for a moment that I would abandon you? But let us not lose one instant, the ring I have with me, may, perhaps, assist us again. I wish," cried she, as she took it in her hand, "in the name of the royal fairy Trusio, that the prince may become a portrait, the camel a pencil, and myself a dwarf!" These metamorphoses were accomplished in a short time, and the dwarf began to work at his employment. Ravagio, who was advancing with great rapidity, no sooner came near him, than, with a thundering voice, "Tell me, little sport of nature," said he, "if you have not seen go by a camel, with a young man and woman riding upon it?"

"Now you mention it," said the dwarf, "I do recollect the personages you speak of. They passed by me about an hour ago, at a brisk trot."—"Which way did they go?" demanded Ravagio, eagerly. "Across that verdant plain,

near the entrance of the wood;" returned the dwarf. "As they passed, the young lady accosted me.—'Dwarf,' said she, 'I have a favour to beg of you: it is, that, if a fierce looking giant comes this way, apparently in search of us, you will direct him a wrong road, or send him back.'—"If you have told me falsely, then," said the Ogre, "I shall overtake you, and devour you without mercy."—"My tongue is not given to lying," cried the dwarf: "no man living has ever been able to detect me in a falsity." Ravagio set off again, full speed, and the dwarf, regaining his former figure, restored also the camel and the prince. "What a joyous event, my dear Namarand!" cried the princess, "that we are again at liberty to pursue our journey."—"No," replied the prince; "I am miserable, because I feel so dreadful an inquietude for your safety! As my passion for you strengthens every moment, so my fears are greater, in proportion, when you are in danger."—"And as for me," returned Aimée, "I did not feel any very lively sensations of fear, as Ravagio could not very well swallow a picture: my figure, too, was not well calculated to regale his appetite; and, in short, I was ready to sacrifice my life in order to save yours."

In this kind of conversation, the two lovers

spent the time; while Ravagio over-ran again the hills and dales, till he was as tired as a hound just returned from the chase. At last, he retook the road to the cavern. "What!" cried the enraged Tormentine, "you return without our prisoners! Keep off, or I will instantly strangle you."—"Ah! Tormentine," said the Ogre, half dead with fatigue, "do not blame me; I did but meet three people in all my road."—"And who were they?" enquired Tormentine. "Only two peasants, and a dwarf who had a pencil and a picture with him."—"By my head!" cried the Ogress, "the latter, who had the picture and pencil, you should have secured. How could you mistake? I was a fool for my pains, to confide my vengeance to thee; as if I were too insignificant to go myself.—Ah! the thought is good.—Give me your boots! I shall not go with less diligence than yourself, and certainly with more success." Ravagio gave up to her the seven-league boots, and the Ogress set off. How was it possible then, that the two travellers could escape? Tormentine was cruel, and more circumspect and vigilant than her husband. They saw her at a great distance, and trembled with fear. She was dressed in a large serpent's skin, and carried, on her shoulder, a huge club of steel, armed at all parts with sharp knots and points.

As she looked carefully into every hole and corner, the prince and his companion would soon have been discovered, if they had not been wandering through the shade of a thick wood. "We are lost, indeed," cried Aimée, weeping. "Here comes the cruel Tormentine, who is more expert than her husband. If one of us should speak, she would immediately discover who it was, and begin by eating him up."—Oh! Cupid, do not abandon us;" ejaculated the prince. "Was there ever two more tender lovers united by your power than we? Ah! my dear Aimée," continued he, taking her hands and kissing them with fervour, "and are you then destined to perish in so barbarous a manner?"—"No," returned she, with firmness. "I feel certain movements of courage, which assure me we shall neither of us die. Come, little ring, let us see what thou canst perform. I wish, in the name of Trusio, that our camel may become a flower pot, that my dear prince may assume the form of a beautiful orange tree, and myself a bee to flutter around him." These words were accompanied by the usual strokes of the ring, and the transformations were scarcely accomplished, when Tormentine arrived at the place.

The hideous Ogress was quite fatigued with running, and perceiving so beautiful an orange

tree, growing wild in the wood, she threw herself down beneath its fragrant shade. However, she did not long enjoy the sweet tranquillity she expected; for the transformed princess stung her with all her fury in many places. Tormentine rolled from side to side; making the woods re-echo with her roarings. In vain she endeavoured to catch the nimble bee, for whose safety the prince began to feel great uneasiness. At length, the Ogress was compelled to depart, covered with blood, and suffering the most violent pain. When the princess thought she had got to a sufficient distance, she began to think of giving herself and her companions their proper forms:—but, alas! what an unfortunate circumstance! Some travellers had chanced to pass by the spot, and seeing the enchanted ring, which had fallen to the ground, they immediately picked it up, and carried it off. The prince and princess had not lost the use of their speech, though they found it was only permitted them to speak with each other; but this was but a poor consolation, in the state to which they were reduced. The prince, overwhelmed with grief, often made verses, which he sung to Aimée; but they, instead of alleviating her sufferings, gave them more poignancy, by reminding her that she was the cause of his transformation. One of them, which

he composed, and sung as a traveller was passing by, has been preserved, and runs as follows:—

I.

"The cup of bliss, with roses crown'd,
Love newly in my hand had plac'd;
But on my prospects fortune frown'd,
And snatch'd it, e'er I'd time to taste.

II.

O! love, whose power all mortals own,
I raise my suppliant voice to thee,
Guard, and preserve for me alone,
O potent God! my faithful bee."

"How unfortunate I am," continued he. "I find myself shut up within the bark of a tree, without being able to quit the spot on which I stand. What will become of me if you fly away? My leaves will afford you a pleasant dew to sip, and in my flowers you can find a bed to spend the night in, safe from the malice of the spiders. Do not abandon me, or I shall wither and die." No sooner had the orange tree finished his complainings, than the bee made him this answer:—

"Dismiss your fears, dear prince, this constant breast,
Still bound to you, shall own no other guest.
Though fate, adverse, our union may retard,
Yet still this sting your fragrant flow'rs shall guard."

She added to this,—"Fear not then, that I shall leave you. Neither the lily, or the rose, or the jessamine, or any flower that blooms in the choicest gardens, can make me commit such an infidelity. You shall see me without intermission, flying around you, and shall be convinced, that the orange tree is not less dear to the bee, than the Prince Namarand was to the Princess Aimée." In short, she shut herself up in one of his largest flowers, and felt as much pleasure as if she had been in the most magnificent palace.

The wood in which the orange tree grew, was frequently resorted to by a princess of incomparable beauty, named Linda. She dwelt in a large palace on the borders of it; and often, when the sun made it too hot to enjoy the walks of her own garden, she would retire to the forest, in order to breathe the cooler air, and refresh herself in its pleasing gloom. This young princess, although exquisitely beautiful, would never consent to marry, through the fear of not always being equally loved by him she should choose for her husband. And, as she possessed immense riches, a large castle was built by her command, where she received none but those of her own sex, and those advanced in years of the other sex. One day the extreme heat having detained her in the palace the

whole morning, in the evening she walked out, with her women, to enjoy the fragrant shade of her usual excursion. The uncommon beauty of the orange tree attracted her attention, and she was quite pleased at the discovery she had made. It soon was surrounded by the whole group of attendants; but Linda forbid them to despoil it. It was, however, taken by her order, and transplanted into her garden, where the faithful bee followed. Linda, charmed with having so fragrant a tree in her possession, sat down beneath it, and was on the point of gathering one of the blossoms, when the vigilant guard burst from beneath one of the leaves, and stung her so deeply, that the poor princess wept with the anguish of the wound, and returned to her palace, suffering the most lively pain.

When the prince could speak to Aimée, "What spite against the young Linda, my dear bee," said he, "could induce you to treat her so cruelly?"—"And can you ask me such a question?" returned she. "Are you not sufficiently delicate to comprehend, that your sweets are only for me? That all which belongs to you is mine also; and that, in defending your flowers, I defend my own property?" —"But you was so violently enraged against Linda," cried the orange tree. "You stung her

with so much anger. Would it not have been the same to you, that she should ornament herself with my flowers, or that she should wear them in her bosom?"—"No;" answered the bee, in an angry tone: "the thing would not have been the same. I know, ingrate, that you already slight me, and feel a greater affection for a rich and accomplished princess, than you do for an unfortunate one, that you have only seen covered with a tiger skin, amongst the most barbarous savages; whose beauty is too inconsiderable to merit attention." She wept bitterly; and some of the tears falling on the leaves of the orange tree, they turned yellow with grief, for having offended their faithful protectress: many of the branches became sapless, and the tree itself was on the point of dying. "What have I done, beautiful Aimée?" cried he, at last, in a feeble voice.—"What have I done, thus to draw upon me your anger? Ah! you will, without doubt, abandon me.—You are already tired of remaining with an unfortunate prince like me!" The night passed in reproaching each other; when, towards morning, an obliging zephyr dismissed every unpleasant circumstance, and re-united the lovers on the same footing as they were before.

Meanwhile, Linda, dying with the desire of having a wreath of orange flowers, rose early

the next morning, and descended into her garden, to gather them; but, as she advanced her hand for that purpose, the jealous bee again stung her delicate hand. She returned in a rage to her apartment. "I cannot see," said she to her domestics, "what is the cause of this singular circumstance, concerning the orange tree, which we found in the wood? I no sooner attempt to gather its flowers, than a malicious insect stings me cruelly; guarding them with the utmost vigilance.

One of her nymphs, of a very lively disposition, said to her, laughing, "I am of opinion, madam, that you should arm yourself like an amazon, and, following the example of Jason, when he went to seize the golden fleece, bring away the finest flowers of this beautiful tree.

Linda was pleased with the novelty of this idea; immediately adopted it; and caused to be made for her, a helmet covered with plumes, a light cuirass, and a pair of gauntlets. Thus armed, at the sound of the trumpet, she entered the garden, attended by all her women, who had followed their mistress's example. Linda, thinking that it might be some magician in disguise, who had, by this means, attempted to gain entrance into her palace, resolved to cut the mystic tree in pieces; and, therefore, drawing her sword with a graceful flourish,—"Ap-

pear, terrible bee," cried she, "appear, and defend the object of your love; for I now come to defy your power." Saying these words, she aimed a blow at the most beautiful branch of the orange tree.—But what was the astonishment of Linda and her attendants, when they heard a melancholy groan proceed from the trunk of the plant, followed by a sorrowful exclamation of, "Woe is me!" While a stream of blood issued from the wound?

"Merciful heavens!" cried the agitated princess, "what is it I have done?" She picked up the fallen branch, and attempted to re-join it; but her efforts were useless; and she returned, with her equipage, to the palace, strangely surprised at the oddity of the adventure.

The poor bee, almost distracted at the mournful event which had befallen her dear orange tree, was just going to appear, in order to perish by the fatal sword; but, on a secondary consideration, a thought rushed into her mind, that would be more beneficial to her wounded prince. After taking a tender adieu of him, she flew to Arabia, guided by instinct, in order to search for some balm: and, as she flew with much more velocity than the quickest birds, that tedious journey was performed in a short time. She brought back some healing oint-

ment, of a most wonderful nature, stowed upon her wings, and at the end of her little feet. It was true, that the balm did not contribute so much to the prince's cure, as the pleasure it gave him to see his faithful bee take so much care of him, and bear so much fatigue for his sake. She regularly anointed, every day, the afflicted part with the Arabian balm; and, in the course of a short time, it grew perfectly well, being only one of his fingers which was cut off. The bee, nevertheless, felt acutely for his sufferings, as she conceived herself, in some measure, to be the cause, by her eagerness in defending the orange flowers.

In the mean time, Linda, afflicted beyond measure at what she had innocently been the cause of, could no longer eat or sleep. At last, however, she resolved to send ambassadors round to all the fairies, in her kingdom, inviting them to a magnificent festival; and, at the same time, sent them rich presents.

Amongst those who honoured the palace with their presence, the Royal Fairy Trusio was one of the first. Never was a queen so skilled in the art of enchantment, as Trusio. Every one talked of her great achievements. She examined the branch of the orange tree; smelt the flowers, and discovered the fragrance to partake of human odour. No enchantments, or conjura-

tions, she left untried, to discover the mystery. Some of them were of so powerful a nature, that they succeeded beyond all conception; and, suddenly, the orange tree vanished, changing into the Prince Namarand. At the sight of so beautiful a form, Linda was struck with admiration, and already began to lose that indifference she had formerly manifested towards men. The prince, taking his amiable bee in his hand, and, throwing himself at the feet of Trusio,—"Great queen," said he, "you give me new life, in rendering me again my pristine form; but if you wish, at the same time, that I should enjoy peace and happiness, restore my lost princess to my arms." As he finished these words, he presented the fairy with the little insect; who began a course of new enchantments, and soon the Princess Aimée appeared, in all the charms of female beauty, dressed in the most magnificent attire. Linda could not, at first, bring herself to rejoice at this extraordinary adventure; and particularly at the transformation of the bee: but reason soon got the better of her passion, which was then but in its infancy. She embraced Aimée a thousand times; and the Fairy Trusio prayed her to relate the cause of so singular an event. The ease, and good will, with which she complied, charmed the whole assembly; and when

she related the many wonders performed by the ring of Trusio, a joyful cry was uttered by the rest of the fairies, and each of them prayed her sister to finish this adventure.

Trusio, on her part, felt the most lively pleasure at the happy termination of the event. She embraced the princess Aimée, affectionately. "Since I have been of so much service to you, without knowing you," said she, "judge, charming Aimée, what I can do, now that I have become acquainted. I am an intimate friend of the king, your father. Let us permit no delay to be made; but mount my flying chariot, and proceed to the Happy Island; where you will both be received with the most ecstatic joy.

Linda entreated them to remain a day at her palace, during which time she made them many rich presents; and the princess Aimée quitted her tiger skin, for the most elegant habits. Is it possible for any one to conceive the transports of the two lovers? Yes; it is possible; but to conceive it, one must first submit to bear the same barbarous captivity among the Ogres; the same misfortunes, and the same metamorphoses.

At length they departed. Trusio conducted them through the air, in her magic car; and in a short time they were safe in the Happy

Island. They were received by the king and queen, with the utmost demonstrations of joy. The beauty of their daughter did not give them more pleasure, than the many great and good qualities that shone forth in the prince. And that no delay might be made to their happiness, the marriage was celebrated immediately, with all possible splendour and magnificence. All the fairies in the land were invited; and, by an express order on their part, the eldest son of the prince and princess, was to be named, Faithful Love. Happy are those whom fate has allowed to meet with the offspring of this charming pair.

In deep and silent woods, fair Aimée long
Drank the pure pleasures of a mutual love;
Tho' passion filled her breast, yet reason, strong,
Taught her in virtue's trying walks to move.
The grateful prince, by matchless beauty fir'd,
Still lov'd her more, as still he more admir'd.

Ye fair, whom beauty's glowing charms adorn,
O learn that virtue is the brightest flower,
And that the favour'd lover oft will scorn
The maid who yields too fondly to his power.
Let sage discretion guide your words and actions,
And all will then submit to your attractions.

As the little Ellenor finished the tale, which had excited a variety of emotions in the breast of the Baroness de Granville, by describing a passion so like her own, the fairy Benina gave the accustomed intimation, that it was time to conclude the interview. The affectionate parent took the dear children successively in her arms, to embrace them; and, as she imprinted a parting kiss on each blooming cheek, wetted them with the silent tears that streamed unnoticed down her own. She had never before experienced this kind of feeling on quitting them, and many times she pressed them to her throbbing breast, before she could tear herself away.

The sun was rapidly declining towards the west as she issued from the fairy grotto, and the lengthened shadows, throwing a gloom over the surrounding scenery, contributed greatly to increase that dejection of mind which her present lonely situation induced, as she paced slowly to her castle. The stately hall, the magnificent chambers, the ample stores, provided by a liberal revenue, and the affectionate attendance of her faithful domestics, all equally failed to inspire joy, or even tranquillity, in the breast of the baroness. The lord of the castle, the sovereign lord of her heart, was still absent; his fate still uncertain; and irresistible sorrow preyed unceasing on her mind. The distress however was not

much longer to be endured; and, having failed in every attempt to procure information respecting the baron, she determined to set out immediately to court, and lay the case before the king, whose fondness for her lord she well knew had been marked by many acts of grace and favour.

The three following days were therefore occupied in making preparations for the journey, and on the fourth, as the sun dawned behind the summit of the neighbouring hills, the baroness mounted a palfrey, caparisoned with great magnificence, and set out on an undertaking from which she hoped much, but which, by the bustle it occasioned, served at least to engage and divert her otherwise melancholy thoughts. The chief almoner of the castle went before, with a purse, fastened to his girdle, kept constantly open, that he might distribute without difficulty the bounty which the noble minded de Granville ever delighted to bestow on the poor and the afflicted. The fair and interesting lady followed next, gracefully seated on her steed, which looked proud of the beauteous burden. On her right hand rode her favourite waiting woman, and on the other the aged minstrel, who had been detained in her service ever since his first appearance at the castle. To these succeeded twelve servitors, in the livery of the household, and the train was closed by twenty men at arms.

As the cavalcade proceeded by the great gate out of the castle, the domestics, who were destined to remain at home, poured forth loud and repeated blessings on their beloved mistress, and sent up the most ardent prayers to heaven for her safe and happy return.

The beauty of the morning, the luxuriant appearance of the country, and the affectionate attachment so unequivocally manifested by all her people, filled the heart and mind of the baroness with sensations of the most soothing kind, and, for some hours, withdrew her from the contemplation of her griefs; but as these impressions grew gradually weaker by continuance, and, at length, died away, her face became clouded with sorrow, and the dews of sensibility stole down her delicate cheeks. The minstrel, who watched every emotion of the baroness's mind with unwearied attention, and had hitherto contrived to draw instruction or entertainment from every object they passed, by his manner of commenting on it, now wisely judged, that it was time to touch the tender strings of the heart, in order to harmonise the feelings of his respected lady.

"We are about to enter," said he, respectfully placing himself somewhat nearer to her palfrey, "on the extensive forest of Sherwood, and my lady baroness will find fewer objects to

engage or reward her observation. If she permit me, therefore, I will relate to her the interesting narration of one who suffered many trials before her virtuous perseverance obtained that tranquil happiness which is its sure, though sometimes its long delayed, reward."

The baroness felt immediately the force of this delicately conveyed admonition, and having signified her permission that he should proceed, the minstrel began, as follows, the story of

INVINCIBLE FORTITUDE.

The sun was approaching to the end of his day's career, and the gathering clouds looked red with unusual fires, when Olinda resolved to return to the cottage of her aged parent, loaded with the roots and fruits which she had been industriously collecting, amongst the woods and in the mountains, for their joint support.

The hand of favouring nature had formed the young Olinda, as if to exhibit the most delicate perfection of features, with the most exquisite gracefulness of form: yet she knew not she was lovely, or that she possessed any quality that was not in common with the rest of the inhabitants of the world, whom, as yet, she

knew only by her mother's report. In her mind the lessons of virtue and piety had been deeply impressed, by the anxious and unceasing care of her mother, who laboured with equal industry to provide for them the means of subsistence and comfort, as long as her strength remained; but a premature feebleness had for some time taken possession of her whole frame, and imposed on the blooming, young Olinda the necessity of fulfilling those active duties, which had been, hitherto, the occupation of her mother.

The cheerfulness with which she discharged the various offices of her new situation, and the unlooked-for strength of body which she displayed, in works of labour, delighted the heart of her fond mother. Their cottage was situated in a romantic and retired valley at the foot of a range of steep mountains; and a little garden, that almost surrounded it, furnished them nearly with what food they required. There were, however, certain vegetables, of wild growth, which she knew to be highly beneficial to the decayed health of her parent, and, therefore, after the regular labours of each day, she set out with her basket, to collect a fresh supply, delighted with an employment that gratified her most tender affections.

She was thus commendably engaged one

evening, as usual, when the appearance of an approaching storm determined her to hasten homewards. Her utmost speed, however, was unavailing to secure her from the tempest. The clouds burst over her head, discharging their whole substance in resistless torrents of pelting rain, till the plains were deluged into sheets of water, and the sides of the mountains roared with the dashing of innumerable cataracts: vivid lightnings flashed every instant from contending clouds, while the fury of the bellowing winds shattered, or laid prostrate, the stoutest trees of the woods and forests. But the mind of Olinda had been taught to account for these commotions in the elements, and she, therefore, regarded the occurrence merely as it presented an obstruction to her progress home. The deluge of rain, she looked on as the necessary forerunner of a clear sky; and the flashing clouds, she knew, must discharge their sulphureous contents, before the air could become salubrious to mortals. As the flood rose round her, she placed herself on the highest bank that she saw, and, when driven thence, by the increasing waters, she ascended into the branches of a lofty tree, and there waited, with a composure of mind that nothing could disturb, but the apprehension of what her mother might feel from her long stay.

The storm, at length, passed over, to desolate other regions, and Olinda quitted her security to hasten home; still grasping, as a valued treasure, the roots that were to give relief and comfort to her parent. She proceeded rapidly for some time; but a small stream which she was used to cross without difficulty, on some stones of her own placing, was now swelled to a foaming torrent: she stopped to consider for a moment, and the last gleaming rays of the sun just sufficed to shew the nature of her situation. The danger did not appal her, nor the fear of remaining out during the night; yet she felt for her mother, and, as her garments were already completely wet, she leaped into the dashing water, and after combating its fury for some time, happily reached the opposite bank.

Olinda sprang lightly forwards, impelled by dutiful affection, when her attention was caught by something like a voice calling for assistance from the foaming stream she had left behind her. The accents of distress were irresistible to the gentle breast of this lovely maid of the mountains, and she returned immediately to the bank, from which she discovered a small figure, that seemed, by the twilight, to be that of a child tossed about by the merciless waves. She delayed an instant, but plunged again into the stream, and brought the object of her kindness

safe to land. Scarcely, however, had the generous maid placed her charge on the grass, than a bright radiance spread itself round the little form, and shewed distinctly the beautiful person of a female fairy.

"Heroic maid," said she, addressing Olinda in a voice of the sweetest music, "your generous courage has saved me from many years of cruel suffering, perhaps from annihilation. A malignant and vengeful spirit, that dwells amongst the summits of these mountains, has long sought my love, with the most unremitting assiduity; but the lamb yields not to make alliance with the wolf, nor could this bosom consent to receive the hideous and vindictive Goromac for its lord. I therefore rejected his first proposal, and continued to refuse all intercourse with him, till after an unsuccessful pursuit of many years, his passion turned to the most violent hatred, and he has since sought, by every means in his power, to injure or destroy me. I have often viewed this beautiful valley; but never till to-day had I the opportunity of seeing you, and as I conceived immediately a great regard for you, I resolved to remain for some days amongst the surrounding woods to observe you. For this purpose, forgetting that I was near the dwelling of my deadly foe, I busied myself this evening in form-

ing a couch of wild flowers, and laid down on it to take that repose which is necessary, at times, even to fairies. But the ever-watchful Gomorac would not fail to seize an opportunity so favourable to his wishes. He well knew that all my race have an extreme terror of the watery element, in which, when once plunged, we lose all our power, and may, in the course of ten centuries, be entirely dissolved: he called all the spirits of the air together, and, by threats to some, and promises of grateful return to others, he, at last, leagued them all in his service. Instantly the clouds collected in dreadful volume, and deluged the whole scene; while I, unconscious of the danger, was carried away by the inundation, and waked only on finding myself dashed from rock to rock, by the roaring waters. Generous Olinda, you saved and have restored me."

"I greatly rejoice," answered the maid of the mountain, "that I have the power to assist you; but I fear that my mother will be unhappy at my long stay, and I must hasten home to relieve her inquietude."

"Stay yet a moment," said the fairy; "it is not thus unrewarded that fairies suffer their benefactors to leave them. Henceforwards I will watch over and protect you, to the utmost of my power; and, in the mean time, take this red

and this white rose—treasure them up in your bosom as invaluable. When you smell to the red rose, you shall see clearly through every kind of enchantment or deception, and when you smell to the white rose, you shall immediately become invisible to those you wish may not see you. Once more, lovely maid, receive my grateful thanks, for the deliverance you have afforded me, and believe that I will never forget it.

Olinda gracefully received the present, though she could not see in what way it might be useful to her, and ere she had time to answer, the fairy disappeared, making the darkness of the evening more dark by the sudden loss of that radiance which she had spread around her. The most intricate paths of the valley were, however, well known to Olinda, and she soon reached the cottage in which, at present, were concentred all her hopes, and all her wishes. Her kind mother, who had experienced the most painful anxiety for the fate of her daughter, and had trembled at every blast of the storm that she heard howling round her cottage, received the incomparable maid into her arms, bestowing blessings on her, while she listened with delighted attention to the account of her dangers past.

But if Olinda had obtained a friend by her last excursion amongst the mountains, she had also, unfortunately, laid to herself the foundation for great trouble and long suffering. Goromac, while directing the fury of the storm, to accomplish his revengeful intentions against their unsuspecting object, had accidentally seen the lovely Olinda; had seen her collected and tranquil amidst surrounding dangers: he had even stopped some moments, in his vengeful career, to gaze on her inimitable form, and soon became as desperately enamoured with her as he had been before with the fairy. However, regarding her as a rustic inhabitant of the country, who might at any time be brought into his power, he left her, in order to pursue the accomplishment of his cruel purposes upon the unsuspecting fairy, whom he soon saw carried away, by the rapidity of the waters, as she slept on a flowery bed interwoven with the nicest art. He gazed on the sight with joy, and his malignant spirit felt the most complete exultation, when he saw the flowers gradually separate which supported her, and saw the innocent victim of his hatred awaking to all the horrors of the surrounding deluge, in an element, destined, as he hoped, to annihilate her being. "Now," said he, with a laugh of scorn

and triumph, "thou wilt have leisure to make cool reflections on the slighted Goromac."

The genius then turned away from this scene of savage victory over a defenceless female, and set out to seek Olinda, whom he supposed the storm would have detained in the place where he left her, and with whose artless beauty he proposed to solace himself for the disappointments of his late unsuccessful passion; but he had been completely mistaken in his conception of Olinda, whom he found not in her former station: he passed rapidly through woods and over the plains in search of her, till at last he saw her landed, after crossing the stream that had obstructed her way. He was just considering under what form to address her, when Olinda flew to the assistance of the fairy, and in witnessing, as he did, the scene that followed, his breast burned with new flames of rage against the one, and with increasing admiration of the other. As the fair maid of the mountain pursued her way home, he returned to his gloomy caverns, there to premeditate the schemes by which he should beguile and destroy her innocence.

The next morning, when Olinda rose to her labours, and proceeded, as her first employment, to inspect the garden which supplied the principal part of their food, she was astonished with the unusual fragrance which perfumed the

air; she looked around, and saw the little rose-bushes, which she had lately planted, now covered with a profusion of blushing flowers; while the jessamine and the woodbine that overspread the end of the cottage, sent forth ten times their wonted fragrance from innumerable buds and flowers. The whole garden was nicely trimmed and weeded, and those plants, of the first necessity, that usually cost her much time and labour to cultivate, appeared, in the course of the last night, to have obtained the rapid growth of several days. Olinda sat down on a mossy bank, to consider this extraordinary occurrence, which she was well aware could not be in the common course of natural effects: she found, however, in a short time, a very easy solution to the difficulty, by supposing it an expression of gratitude for the assistance she had recently given to the drowning fairy, and it created a pleasing sensation in her breast, to think that she was thus become the object of a new attachment. These considerations engaged her for some time, and gradually the subtle odour of the numerous flowers that bloomed around her, stole upon her senses, subduing them into a kind of languor, which she had never experienced before. At length, ashamed of having so ill employed that part of the day which she had always devoted to labour, she rose up,

though not without an effort that surprised her, and proceeded towards the orchard, to examine the fruit trees: but here again she found her hopes anticipated, and her sight astonished: the trees, which had but recently been covered with bloom, appeared now to be loaded with ripe and delicious fruits, and even some new trees seemed to have grown up since the day before. Olinda could not resist the desire she felt to taste some of these unexpected treasures, and though she ate very sparingly, their luscious flavour soon cloyed her appetite: she then returned to the cottage to perform those usual offices of dutiful affection in which she delighted, but which seemed now, for the first time, to have become laborious. The meal, of simple roots, which had hitherto been a grateful refreshment, now remained suspended in her hand, almost untasted.

The acute mind and ingenuous heart of the lovely maid could not pass over in silence this change in her habitual feelings, and she described to her attentive mother the circumstances and her fears on the occasion. The fond parent agreed with Olinda, in ascribing it all to the great kindness of the grateful fairy: but with sound wisdom, that belongs only to great experience, she added, in the sweetest tones of admonitory counsel, "My dear child,

gratitude is ever an amiable passion, and even in its excesses is to be respected: but the benevolent fairy, in thus bestowing on you an abundance that prevents salutary labour, not only injures your vigour of body, but also brings on your mind a degree of softness and lassitude, that will make it liable to the attacks of the most violent and destructive emotions. However, that which is kindly intended, should be received so; and we will not slight favours so freely conferred. Yet my Olinda shall not waste away in the lap of profusion; she shall traverse the plains, and ascend the mountains, where ruddy health waits on all who anxiously seek it."

These wise, and truly parental accents were like the dews of heaven to the drooping plants of the desert, or like the first rays of distant light to the benighted traveller. "I will not fail," said the lovely maid, kissing the hand of her mother, "to benefit by your kind lessons. I hasten to seek the sheep and lambs of our little flock, which, perhaps, the storm of the past evening may have dispersed." She then supplied her mother with some books of wisdom and instruction, which generally filled up her mornings since she had been reduced to the helpless state that depended wholly on her

daughter's labours, and then walked light out of the cottage on her projected excursion.

But here, as in the garden and orchard, the mind of Olinda was confounded and overpowered by the appearance of an entire change in the face of the scenery. The long and tufted grass, which before was spread in wild luxuriance over the valley, had been changed to the soft and delicate verdure of the finest lawn, while innumerable wild and odorous flowers just raised their heads above the green, to diversify and enrich its colours. She traversed, however, a great part of the valley, and reached, at last, the brook that crossed. The waters that were wont to dash from rock to rock, in rude and foaming waves, were now levelled into a glassy lake, bordered by flowing rushes and water-lilies; and, instead of the fragments of stone on which she used to pass it, an arch of white marble was thrown across, to yield her an easy way.

"O! fairy!" cried the astonished maid of the mountains, "you are too profuse in your bounties—you lavish them on one who knows not how to prefer them to the wild untutored beauties of simple nature. The service I was fortunate enough to render you cost me little, and these favours meant, as an expression of your gratitude, can serve only to lay claim to mine."

With this apostrophe, she proceeded towards the opposite side of the valley in search of her flock, not one of which she had yet seen. The woods, that before were used to exhibit a scene of wild grandeur, where towering elms and wide-spreading oaks combined to form a close and gloomy shade, appeared now with all the studied embellishments of a theatre. The neatest paths had been cut to wind amongst the trees, and every trunk had its rude bark concealed by jessamine, or woodbine, or the passion tree, or some other creeping flower: while the intervals were filled with myrtles, with oranges, and with the most luscious and odoriferous fruit trees. In the midst of the wonder which Olinda could not but feel on viewing these extraordinary changes, her flock came bounding to her; their fleeces, white as snow, seemed to have been newly washed, and their number had been recently increased by the addition of several lambs. "Generous fairy," again exclaimed the maid, "you are too prodigal, in thus bestowing your bounties on one, who would prefer the rude scenes where she is wont to ramble, before all the flowery luxuriance your art can give."

While she still mused in this train of thought, her ears were saluted with a strain of sweet music, from the pipe of an approaching shepherd,

who soon appeared, driving his numerous flock before him: his person was artfully dressed out with ribbands and flowers, as if to excite admiration, and, in walking along, he put himself into a variety of affected attitudes, still playing his pipe to the most melodious airs. The mind of Olinda had been so carefully formed by the judicious attentions of her wise mother, that she was disgusted with the figure before her, and turned away to avoid looking on him, whom she considered also as a new creature, from the hand of her fairy friend; but when the shepherd perceived that he had failed to draw the admiring eyes of the maid of the mountains, he left his flock and approached her.

"Lovely nymph," said he, "you are a rich treasure, whom these mountains have long concealed from the eyes of hundreds who would gaze on your beauties with wonder and admiration. The fame of your lovely person reached me in the distant plains of my habitation, and I am now come to offer you my person, my flocks, and my fields."

Olinda gazed with surprise at this address, not knowing how to answer it. She was a stranger to the voice of praise, except when she received it in sweet commendations, from her parent, for assiduous and successful exertions in her acquirements, or in her labours, and

the words of the shepherd confused and perplexed her. At last, she bowed her head, to return his compliment, and turned away to proceed home with her sheep; but the enamoured swain was not to be easily cast off. He pursued her, with solicitations, and afterwards, on finding she still disregarded him, he seized her hand, forcibly, to detain her. Vexed by this constraint, by this rudeness, Olinda determined to make use of the mystic rose which the fairy had given her, and thus put an end to the enchanted scene, believing she had endured it as long as respectful gratitude required. She immediately pulled the rose from her bosom, and the moment she inhaled its fragrance, the recent decorations of the scene instantly vanished. The flock, the woods, the plains appeared exactly as they were wont to do; and, instead of a young shepherd, kneeling at her feet and pressing her hand, she beheld the frightful Goromac, in the hideous form that nature had first impressed on him.

Horror seized the affrighted maid, as she looked on the figure of her terrible suitor. She struggled to avoid his grasp, that she might fly from his hated solicitations; but he held her securely, and cried, while his countenance burned with anger, "Perverse girl, the mighty Genius Goromac woos thee to accept his love,

and to be the sharer of his power; yet thy folly leads thee to scorn his offers. To meet thy puny mind, the great lord of the mountains condescended to array himself as a simple shepherd, and, to gratify thee, he laid out the valley in smooth lawns, while he filled the woods and groves with plenty and with fragrance. Ungrateful creature, since kindness and benefits have no power to allure thee, the terrors of my dwelling shall awe thee to obedient compliance."

As he finished speaking, he made an effort to grasp Olinda in his arms; but her presence of mind was not to be disturbed by danger, and she sprang from him in the moment of his attempt. Then making use of the second rose which the kind fairy had given her, she suddenly became invisible to Goromac, who made the mountains re-echo with the roarings of his disappointed rage, as he returned to his dwelling, to concert a mode of attack on the beautiful Olinda, that might render useless the powerful protection she had lately obtained.

Meanwhile, the innocent maid, finding herself personally secure by the favour of the fairy, coolly collected her flock, and brought them to their usual pasture near the cottage. She then related to her mother, the danger that she had escaped, and finished with pouring out her

heart in expressions of gratitude to a parent who had formed her mind to resist the allurements of sense. With such a pair complete happiness found a constant dwelling: for even the idea of possible danger could not, for a moment, disturb their tranquillity; since they knew, and firmly believed, that the good never want a protector in the hour of peril.

Some days passed away, as usual, in wise instruction on one part, and filial attention and indefatigable industry on the other; and Olinda, in renewing her labours, had the most convincing proof of the wisdom of her mother's maxim, that exercise and simple diet create both health and cheerfulness.

She was one evening, after a very sultry day, returning with her flock from the pasture, where she had remained till nigh dark, admiring the vivid lightnings that played through the sky; when, looking towards her beloved dwelling, she saw it in flames. What a torturing sight for the heart of Olinda! who knew, that in the cottage she had left her only friend; her beloved, her helpless parent. She ran, she almost flew, with the sustaining hope that she might yet arrive in time to save her treasure from the devouring element. The outer apartment was nearly entire; but the communication which led to the room of her hapless

nother was in a blaze, and the fire seemed ra-idly increasing. Olinda stood for a moment ; ut she found that her own existence would be orth nothing without the society of her dear ompanion, whose groan she now heard, and herefore boldly rushed through the flames. She ad not proceeded far before she saw her mo-her, surrounded by the glowing danger, and eedless of her own sufferings, made a spring orwards to grasp the dear object in her arms ; but, at this moment the floor gave way, part of the roof fell in, and the heroic maid sunk, deprived of sense, amidst the burning ruins.

The terrible Goromac had once more prevailed on the genii of the elements to assist him, and, knowing that he had no chance of getting the lovely maid of the mountains into his power, protected as she appeared to be, unless he could take her by surprise, he had contrived to throw her off her guard by the influence of that filial piety that he found occupied her whole mind. When, therefore, Olinda sunk into the flames, the spirits who had managed the conflagration, having thus gained possession of her person, carried her, unconscious as she was, to the caverns of Goromac, in the mountains, who immediately put a silver chain round her waist, and fastened the other end to his own wrist,

that she might not elude him. He then sprinkled her face with some ice water, by which she was instantly recovered, and not being at all sensible of her present situation, she cried out in the voice of anguish and despair, "Oh! my mother—my lost mother!" "Assuage your fears, lovely nymph," said the sorcerer, "I have employed this contrivance but to obtain your society in my dominions, and as you may feel that the flames have caused no wound in your delicate limbs, though so nobly exposed to their fury, so is your mother also uninjured. If you consent to receive my offers, your parent shall soon be added to your society." But the deceitful monster in this had made a promise which he could not hope to fulfil; for he had given orders to his emissaries to destroy the devoted parent, and to save only Olinda.

The ill-fated maid, on learning the nature of her present captivity, would have swooned away had her mind been less fortified by wise instruction; but she knew that great difficulties must be encountered by proportionate exertions. She immediately applied the red rose to her nostrils, yet the appearance of every thing around remained the same; for here all was in a state of pure nature, and even Goromac himself could assume no other than his natural form. She then applied the white rose, in hopes to disappear from

her persecutor, as she had done before; but the silver chain instantly pressed closer to her body, convincing her, that while she remained thus bound, her escape would be impossible. She therefore submitted silently to be led by him through those subterraneous regions, in which he trusted to engage her mind by his wealth and his magnificence. He first conducted her into a long range of caverns, each filled with some precious mineral; some with silver, some with gold, others with diamonds, rubies and sapphires; and again, many more with emeralds, topazes, and onyxes: he then led her into a lofty cavern, formed by spars and incrustations, that even, though shut from the eye of day, diffused a radiance that made every object visible. The ground of the cavern was covered with the finest moss in flower, and a clear stream trickled from a fissure in the rock, filling with its transparent waters a natural bason of white marble, in the middle of the area. At one end was a sofa of jasper wood, and before it a table of crystal, covered with various roots for food.

"All that you have now seen, charming Olinda," said the genius Goromac, "shall be yours, and every treasure the earth yields, if you will consent to live and share them with me. Spirits too shall attend your command to fetch for you, and to execute whatever you may re-

quire, and the extensive grottos through which my power extends shall be lighted up by millions of brilliant gems for your exercise and amusement."

Olinda now, for the first time, looked stedfastly on her terrific suitor, and, collecting all her firmness, answered, "My instructress has taught me to shun all intercourse with the spirits of darkness, and I should ill requite her affection, were I to yield to thy allurements. Know then, that I refuse, that I scorn thee; and that I would fly thee, had I the power, instantly. Thou mayest confine me here, even to the end of my existence, but my mind is now, and ever will remain, beyond thy control."

Vindictive rage seized on the irritated mind of the sorcerer, and he dragged the unoffending Olinda to a dark and lofty cavern in the remotest part of the mountains, where he suspended her from the roof by the chain that had been fastened round her body, and then left her, crying in a tremendous voice, "When thy mind relents, call for help, and I will kindly release the girl that defies the power of Goromac."

There is, perhaps, no strength of words or of imagination equal to picture the terrifying situation in which the victim of magic tyranny was

now placed—involved in total darkness, and hanging by a long chain from the top of the immense cavern, while she heard from below the dashing fall of subterraneous waters, leaping from rock to rock, till their roar was lost in immeasurable depth—it is too terrific even to contemplate at a distance.

But in this situation of severe trial, the firm mind of Olinda did not forsake her: she knew well that a sudden or a lingering death was the extreme of what she had to encounter, and her conscious innocence enabled her to look on death as a blessing rather than a misfortune. For three days she remained suspended, without a murmur; but at length the pangs of corporal suffering extorted some involuntary sighs from her gentle bosom. Scarcely, however, had they escaped her lips, than a small bird, as she judged by the fluttering of its wings, came and filled her mouth with a nectareous juice, which instantly dissipated every sensation of hunger, and invigorated her mind to its former happy tone.

The tyrant of the caves came many times in the three following days, and though she saw him not through the darkness, she knew well his tremendous voice, when he demanded, "Is the mind of Olinda yet obedient to the will of Goromac." Her constant answer, however, was,

"The mind of Olinda cannot ally itself with the powers of darkness."

The friendly bird returned, at stated periods, to nourish the innocent maid, and at length the sorcerer, finding his schemes baffled, and his power fruitless, resolved to try other measures. He took Olinda from her dreadful situation, and, having brought her again into his resplendent hall, he sought to act upon her generous feelings. "Pardon, lovely maid, I beseech you," said he, "the severities which my rigorous destiny has obliged me to impose on you, and take pity on a being who would die with despair at your scorn, were he not, by nature, rendered next to immortal, yet finds in that nature nothing but a continuance of the pangs occasioned by your cruelty. I will no longer persecute or torment you, and I trust you will, in time, grant to my constancy, what you have refused to my power." "Can I," answered the cautious Olinda, "give credit to your professions while you hold me in chains? Am I not sufficiently a prisoner in these intricate caverns, without feeling the indignity of fetters fastened on my body? Release me from constraint, and then, whatever I grant you will be doubly gratifying.

Goromac, pleased with the idea that his new plan seemed likely to be more successful than

the former, in a moment released the silver chain from the slender waist of its graceful prisoner; but as the bands dropped from around her, she drew the white rose from her bosom, and disappeared from the eyes of the astonished genius.

"Deceived by a child!" roared he out, in sounds that shook the earth to its foundations; "but I will yet punish thee." With that he tore up huge fragments of rock, and hurled them in every direction about the cavern, believing that the devoted maid could not thus escape him. But the cautious vigilance of Olinda eluded every throw, and at last she contrived to secure herself in the cavity through which the water issued to fill the marble bason.

Tired with his fruitless exertions, the genius stretched himself panting on the ground, satisfied, at least, with thinking that she had no way to escape from his dominions. Olinda thus seeing herself at liberty from his immediate rage, resolved, even in spite of the darkness that prevailed through every winding avenue of those innumerable caverns, to explore the principal passages, and try if any fortunate chance might lead her to the cheerful regions of day-light. In this painful search she spent days, weeks, and

months of unceasing toil, often receiving falls, and many severe bruises, which, however, were immediately healed by some unseen power, that she judged presided over her destiny, and watched her every step. The eager wish for liberty which she felt was not on her own account, but that she might ascertain the doubtful fate of her mother—whether she were yet in existence, or whether she had fallen a prey to the devouring flames.

In one of these subterraneous rambles, Olinda was surprised with the gleam of a distant light, at the end of a long avenue, which she believed not to have examined before, and eagerly proceeded towards it, in the hope of a happy deliverance, relying on the powers of her rose for the security of not being seen. However, when she had advanced sufficiently near to examine the place whence the light proceeded, she found herself at the entrance of a chamber in the rock, adorned with all the wonders of the mineral world. She stopped long to admire this scene of incomparable beauty, and was much surprised to find it lighted by a large lamp, the flame of which sent forth the sweetest odours. But the wonder of Olinda passed all description, when, turning towards a kind of alcove, formed by various petrefactions, she observed, sleeping

on a sofa, a young man of the most exquisite beauty. His dress was of orange colour, and white satin, mixed, that fitted so as to shew his graceful figure; and his mantle of black velvet laced with gold. His hair, of a fine auburn, curled round his blooming face, on which appeared the smile of content and sweetness.

Olinda gazed with admiration on the interesting object before her, unconscious of the time as it passed away. She sighed often, without being aware of it; but they were not the sighs of sorrow or of anguish.—They arose from a delightful emotion which she had never felt before. The youth moved, as if awaking, and Olinda was about to retire; forgetting that she was invisible to all eyes, till she should wish to be otherwise. He rose up on the sofa, and looked around, and the softness of his large blue eyes finished to inspire the susceptible heart of the maid of the mountains with the most tender passion.

"Kind, indeed," said he, indulging the expression of his thoughts, "is the affection of my parents, who seclude me thus, for a time, from the world, that I may avoid a destiny which they look on with terror! Shall I then repine at the effect of their solicitude? No.

Though I dislike the frightful Goromac, though I could have wished the society of some valued friend, to cheer the solitary hours of my confinement, yet will I not complain."

How gladly, thought Olinda, and sighed as she thought it, would I be that friend, that companion to thee. This wish, in a moment, dissolved, for the present, the charm of the white rose, and the young man started with astonishment on seeing the figure of a female, standing within a few yards of him. Olinda was so confused by the occurrence, that she knew not what to say, and was about to retire, when the youth addressed her. "Genius, or fairy, or mortal, which ever you are, that seem to have taken an interest in the fate of Licanor, condescend to bless his retirement a few moments longer with your presence. If you be of immortal race, and come to advise or assist me, you will find in this breast a grateful heart. If you can really be mortal, with all that beauty and those graces, you will find, in Licanor, one ready to adore you."

A mild ray of pure joy gleamed through the eyes of Olinda, and deep blushes flushed her cheeks, as she listened to his words, rendering her beauty irresistible. "Forgive me," answered she, "this accidental intrusion. I am, and have

long been, a captive to the merciless Goromac. In seeking, through the intricate windings of these caverns, some outlet to the realms of day, I chanced to trespass on your retirement."—"Lovely fair," said the impassioned Licanor, now interested as much by her speech as by her beauty," in this place you will be safe from the presence of Goromac, for some hours at least; for it is not yet near the time of his usual visit to me." Then taking her hand, and leading her respectfully to the sofa, he seated himself by her side, and continued his address.

"I had the fortune to be born the son of a king, and to be greatly endowed at my birth by the concurring favour of many fairies. The skill of the various preceptors, whom my kind parents provided, was constantly employed, during my childhood, to form my mind to wisdom and virtue; and I found great delight in observing, that my improvement added much to the happiness of the king and queen. My father's subjects, too, whenever I appeared, testified the greatest regard for me, as a prince they hoped would one day reign over them. But a cloud hung over my future destiny, which, as the time approached when it should be likely to take place, cast a shadow over the hearts of my parents. It had been foretold,

that, in my nineteenth year, unless carefully concealed, I should run the risk of making an alliance with a person of low condition. A fairy, however, who was ever a friend to our house, prevailed on the king to entrust me to her care during the year of peril; and, on the day of its commencement, she brought me here; having obtained a promise from the Genius of the place, that he would keep me concealed in the bowels of the earth till the dreaded period should be gone by. The term is now nearly expired, and I have yet encountered nothing like the event so much dreaded. As to the future, I have now no apprehensions; for were I at this moment delivered up to a free communication with the world, the delicate passion, charming fair, with which your beauty and your graces have inspired me, would effectually secure me from every other impression."

"Alas! my lord," answered Olinda, "the maid you see before you is—" But as she spoke, the voice of Goromac was heard, calling on the prince, and seemed close to the entrance of the chamber. Olinda immediately applied the white rose to her nostrils, and thence becoming again invisible, remained to be a spectator of the scene that was to take place.

" Prince," said Goromac, entering, " the term of thy confinement is now finished, and I come to restore thee to the expecting arms of thy fond parents. The fairy, who watches over thy destiny, shall acknowledge that I have well fulfilled my promise to her, for sure I am no mortal form has met thy sight in these regions. Haste then, and follow me to the glares of that daylight of which mortals are so fond."

Olinda breathed an involuntary sigh at the prospect of his departure from her sight, perhaps for ever, and Licanor, whose ear caught the enrapturing sound, looked anxiously round to view again the lovely object of his wishes ; yet, as he knew that Olinda was persecuted by the cruel Goromac, he feared to betray his know-

ledge of her having been near him, and accordingly prepared to depart. "Genius," said he, trusting that his meaning would be understood only where he wished it should not be mistaken, "though I follow you without hesitation, I cannot leave, unregretted, this peaceful retirement, in which I have spent some of the sweetest moments of my life: would that the king and queen might be inclined to indulge me in fulfilling those wishes which I have formed in your kingdom, by looking on the most wonderful production of nature's hand."

The heart of Olinda beat with an increased pulsation at these words, and though she felt a severe pang at the approaching separation, yet, as she trusted, by following the prince and Goromac, to accomplish her deliverance from those dreary caverns, and thereby to have the opportunity of enquiring after the fate of her regretted parent, a ray of cheering hope gleamed through her breast, and filial affection and conscious duty stifled, for a time, the feelings of a more selfish passion.

The spars and glittering encrustations that decorated the roof and sides of the caves, served to light the steps of the Genius and his charge through many long and winding passages, closely followed by the invisible Olinda. At length they perceived, at a short distance, many small

rays of light streaming through crevices in the rock, and when the touch of Goromac rolled away the ponderous mass that shut up the entrance of the cavern, a flood of sunny radiance burst on the dazzled sight of Licanor and Olinda. The maid of the mountains covered her eyes for a moment to shield them from the oppressive light, and then, ere the Genius Goromac had time to close again this only access to his domains, she glided, unperceived, through the opening, and, with the swiftness of a doe that fears pursuit, darted through the well-known windings of the mountains, to seek once more the place of her former habitation.

But the mind of Olinda had yet further trials to encounter. She approached, with anxious expectation, the scite of her beloved cot, equally impressed with a remembrance of the delightful tranquillity she had enjoyed in it, and of the frightful state in which she left the dear shelter of her infant years: the destroying element had reduced it to a heap of ruins. She looked on the crumbling fragment with silent woe. Had her beloved parent fallen a victim to the merciless flames? If so, pious duty bade her seek the venerable remains, and deposit them under the green turf of the valley. Look on the lovely, the graceful Olinda, employing delicate hands to remove the smoke-covered rubbish and cin-

ders, in the melancholy hope of finding the bones of her lost parent! Can ye look on this scene, and not sympathize in her sighs and tears.

Three days she employed, with indefatigable industry, in this labour, till she had removed every part of the ruin without finding the smallest trace of a human form. This would have left in her mind some hope that her mother might have by some means escaped; yet she could not forget that she had heard her groans of anguish, that she had seen her struggling with the danger, and sad conviction dwelt upon her mind. But as Olinda knew well that grief is unavailing, and we are the contrivers of our own destiny, only as we fulfil the respective duties of our stations, she resolved to arrange some place for her support, without leaving the spot which would ever be dear to her heart.—She first examined the little garden, where every thing had grown rank and wild, for want of her fostering care, and taking up a few roots for her nourishment, she employed herself in pruning and putting every thing in order, which the approach of the fine season seemed likely to reward with abundance.

It next became necessary to contrive some shelter for her repose at night, and she immediately tore off a number of branches from different trees, which she placed in the ground, near one

end of the garden, and plaited the twigs together over head, into a kind of arbour. She then set out on an excursion through the valley, in search of her sheep, if, perchance, any of them still remained, and spent nearly a whole day in examining every verdant nook, and every sheltering thicket. At length, in a shady corner, little liable to observation, she saw her flock reposing: she called to them in her wonted voice, and they came bounding towards her. The heart of Olinda was melted by this shew of attachment, and she caressed them one by one, leading them, as the evening was nigh about to close, towards her newly erected bower, which, to her great surprise, she found had immediately taken root, and, shooting forth innumerable leaves, had formed a thick and complete shelter. Her flock she then left to stray near her habitation, and retired, unapprehensive of danger, to seek that sweet repose, which is ever the reward of innocence and labour.

As soon as Goromac and Licanor issued from the mouth of the subterraneous passage, the Genius closed the entrance again with the massy fragment, and taking the prince in his arms, and spreading his ample wings, carried him rapidly through the air towards the kingdom of his royal parents.

The king and queen, who placed their whole

happiness in the welfare of their son, had spent a year of great anxiety during the absence, which had been judged necessary to his security, from impending fate. The day on which this dreaded period expired, they assembled all the nobles and ladies of the kingdom to a splendid festival, to celebrate the return of the prince, whom the fairy had promised to bring to them in the course of the day; and many beautiful accomplished princesses had been invited from neighbouring states to partake in the rejoicings, and, if possible, to engage the heart of the young prince by their attractions. The tables were spread for a most sumptuous entertainment, and the guests all ready to enter the banquetting hall, when the guardian fairy of the family entered the drawing room, followed by the prince magnificently attired, and adorned with a profusion of jewels.

Licanor advanced gracefully to the king and queen, and kneeling before them, respectfully, asked their blessing on his return: then rising, he saluted, in the most engaging manner, the whole assembly. "Receive again," said the fairy, addressing the happy parents, "the amiable son whom you confided to my care. The time is now past which we dreaded, and the powerful Genius, in whose custody he has been placed, assures me that, during the time of his

confinement, he has seen no human being. Satisfied with this assurance, I have looked into his future destiny, and see that the most perfect happiness awaits him, in an union with a lovely female, not less deserving than himself."

The joyful feelings of the king and queen overflowed at their eyes; the beauties that crowded the court rejoiced, because each conceived herself to be the happy female alluded to; and even Licanor was delighted, because he saw, in the fairy's prediction, nothing but what flattered his unconquerable passion. The happiness of this day was shared by all the kingdom, for the king and his house were universally beloved by the people. Congratulations were received from the surrounding, and even from remote kingdoms, many of which were accompanied with offers of their daughters in marriage to the young prince, the fame of whose elegant person and accomplished mind was already spread to a great extent. The ambassadors who tendered these proposals, in the names of their respective sovereigns, were endowed with full powers to conclude the negociation immediately, some offering in dowry whole provinces, and some even kingdoms.

The king and queen were delighted with this homage paid to the merits of their darling son, and solicited the prince to appoint a day of au-

dience when he would have the ambassadors and their proposals introduced to him, together with the portraits each had brought of the princess he was directed to offer in marriage. Licanor appeared rejoiced at this intimation, and the fond parents drew the most flattering conclusions from it, when they heard him appoint the following day for the purpose. But the mind of the young prince was actuated by motives and feelings very different from those to which they attributed his conduct. The incomparable form and beauty of Olinda were so deeply impressed on his heart, as to exclude every other idea; and as soon as the first feeling of joy at witnessing the happiness of his parents had subsided, he gave up his thoughts entirely to the contemplation of those sweet moments that he had passed in the caverns of the mountains. He had no reason to doubt the indulgent kindness of the king his father, to any union he might wish to form, provided the object were not of low birth, and he was convinced that the person he had seen, and the delicate mind with which he had conversed, could not be less than royal; but he felt the most extreme repugnance to communicate to any one the circumstance of his having conceived, in the deep chambers of the earth, an unconquerable passion for one whom he had seen but once, and of whom he

did not know even the name. In this embarrassment, he readily complied with the proposal to receive the ambassadors, trusting that, amongst the portraits, he should find that of his beloved.

The day of audience arrived, the prince, magnificently habited, was seated on a small throne of gold, placed between those of the king and queen; and, the doors of the audience chamber being thrown open, forty-two ambassadors were immediately introduced, each bearing a portrait superbly set round with all kinds of jewels.—Licanor received them with the most graceful condescension, and caused the several pictures to be arranged before him. They were all beautiful, and some of them eminently so; but when the enamoured prince compared them with the image imprinted in his breast, their beauty faded away, like snow before the rays of the vernal sun.

Disappointed in his expectations, the prince remained for some moments doubtful what to do or say; at last, addressing the ambassadors, "My lords," said he, "were any one of these portraits to be looked on without the others, it would be sufficient to fix a heart unoccupied by any other passion; but, in looking on so many, where the claims to admiration are so transcendent in all, I confess myself unable to decide. Grant me, therefore, I beseech you, on the part

of the monarchs whom you represent, the space of three months, to contemplate these portraits, and, at the end of that period, I trust I shall be able to name the object to which my heart can cheerfully pay its whole homage."

The ambassadors, struck with the prince's graceful manners, bowed respectfully their assent to his proposal, and the following day prepared to return home, loaded with valuable presents from the king and queen, who, somewhat disappointed in the result of this audience, waited, with great anxiety, for the decision of their son: but when he had suffered a whole week to pass without mentioning the subject, and almost without looking on the portraits, they thought it time to remonstrate, and to press on his mind, how greatly the kings who had thus honoured him, would feel themselves slighted, if he suffered the proposed time to pass, before he should make his choice.

Licanor, however, could not bring his mind to think of an union with any other object than the one that already had possession of his heart, and which he was yet afraid to acknowledge, till he should be able to introduce her, at least by name, to his parents. But in this he had little hope to encourage him; for he knew not even the country in which those mountains were situated, that had confined him; and even if there,

he had no means to come near the charming object of his wishes, except through the medium of Goromac, whose persecution he knew she feared. "Pardon me," said he to his expecting parents, "if I have seemed insensible to your kind solicitude for me—I have viewed the portraits with great attention, and though the beauty of any one of them is certainly more than sufficient to engage the most tender affection; yet seeing, as I do, in the example of your majesties, the happiness that results from an union of sentiments, as well as of persons, I feel a strong desire, before I fix my choice, to know and converse with the originals of the several pictures. Permit me, therefore, in disguise, to visit the neighbouring courts, that I may have a fair opportunity to judge of the princesses that are offered to me, and I promise, at the end of the three months, to present to you the name of her, to whom I shall have freely given my heart."

The king and queen, who wished nothing more ardently than to see their son married, reluctantly consented to his proposal, and, accordingly, the next morning he put on a simple habit, and quitted the palace and the capital; having no plan to direct him, nor any hope of success, but what arose from the delusive nature of the passion that engrossed him, and the pre-

diction that he should one day be happy. Thus he wandered to the bounds of his father's dominions, when observing that some of the states to the southward shot up in mountainous heights to the clouds, he determined to turn his steps that way.

The sorrows of Olinda for the loss of her venerated parent, being combated by the strong energies of her mind, gave way to the healing power of time, and subsided into a sweet, but pensive remembrance. Her garden became highly flourishing, and the little arbour was improved to a delightful residence. She formed, of the branches of trees, a rude but securer fold for her sheep, and then taking many shoots from the finest roses and myrtles in her garden, she planted them in front of her bower, so as to enclose an area before it. "Sweet shrubs," said she, "may you become soon a fence to keep every hurtful thing from the retirement of the solitary Olinda."

As she spoke, the newly planted slips instantly shot up numerous branches, forming a close hedge row, and put forth a profusion of flowers. Olinda, with grateful heart, attributed this sudden growth to the bounty of her fairy friend, and felt by it a sense of the most perfect security from every attack. But she was not as yet aware of the valuable protection thus afford-

ed her, by her own precautions and the watchful care of her guardian.

Goromac, who had supposed the devoted maid long since lost by famine, in his gloomy caverns, having one day descended from the mountains, to traverse the valley, saw the newly raised bower of Olinda, and drawing nigh, with the cautious steps of one who intends mischief, looked over the fence, and beheld the lovely maid, busily employed with her distaff, in spinning the finest thread. A variety of furious passions rose in his breast at the sight, and he resolved to watch for some unguarded moment when he might drag her again into his power. He returned, therefore, many successive nights to the bower, anxious for his prey; but as often as he approached the odorous fence that surrounded it, he found himself repulsed by some unseen power, that deprived him of the means of committing violence.

One day Olinda, to shelter herself from the scorching rays of the meridian sun, had quitted her rural labours, and seated herself just within the shadow of the leafy arbour. She looked, with pensive gaze, on the ruins of her cottage, and continued long to retrace in her mind the happy life she had led there, even from her first remembrance. Her thoughts were, how-

ever, suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a figure issuing from the crumbling remains. The form was that of an aged man, tall and dignified, yet bending somewhat forwards by the pressure of years, or of misfortune. He turned frequently as he quitted the place, to look on the desolated cottage, seeming to regard it with deep and silent contemplation. The heart of Olinda throbbed, as she looked on him, with unusual interest: she sighed to participate in his emotions, and would instantly have indulged the powerful impulse, but that the voice of prudence, which ought ever to regulate even our tenderest feelings, suggested to her that danger sometimes disguises itself under the most alluring forms.

But her wishes were soon prevented by the approach of the stranger, who, as he quitted the ruins, saw Olinda seated in the bower, and advanced to the fence of roses and myrtles that grew before it. "Fair maid," said he, in a voice that thrilled her heart, "you behold a weary traveller, who hoped to find repose and comfort in the peaceful shades of this valley; but, in looking on that desolated habitation, I see and acknowledge that even the humblest situation of human life is not secure from the hand of misfortune." Tears coursed rapidly

down his cheeks as he spoke, and the beautiful eyes of Olinda sympathised with him: at last, rising from her mossy seat, she advanced towards him; and, with an irresistible sweetness, asked him to partake of such refreshment as she had in her power to offer. She then put aside the branches of a slender myrtle tree, and formed a passage for him to the bower.

They were soon supplied with a sufficient quantity of dried fruits and other vegetables to satisfy them; for the venerable stranger ate but sparingly, and Olinda was too much delighted in looking on him to think of aught else. But her judgment did not bend before the emotions that filled her mind; and, fearful of being deceived in the object before her, she applied for aid to the precious red rose, which the fairy had given to guard her against the specious wiles of enchantment. The countenance and figure of the stranger still appeared the same, or, if possible, more interesting than before this severe scrutiny.

"Gentle maid," said he, sighing as he spoke, "from your situation you are no doubt connected with the fate of the neighbouring cottage, and I have reasons that make me solicitous to know its history; but as it is necessary that you should have some ground for placing in me the

confidence I request, I will first give you an account of my own misfortunes.

Born of high rank, in a kingdom many days journey hence, the favour of the sovereign placed me at the head of his councils, and, for some years, I conducted the affairs of the nation with that successful prosperity which is ever the result of integrity and justice. The disposition of the king was violent, and from infancy he had been allowed to give free way to his passions: the many occasions, therefore, which occurred, that obliged me, for the sake of his glory, to dissuade him, or to counteract his wishes, gradually alienated his mind from me, and the maliciously fabricated tales of those nobles who envied my elevation, were whispered to him with such address, that my destruction was finally resolved on.

Coming home one evening to my residence, from the offices of state, I found the house in possession of a party of the king's guards, who immediately seized me, in his name, and conveyed me to a gloomy dungeon in the royal prisons. I entreated to know the fate of my beloved wife, and of my faithful domestics; but the inexorable savages would not be persuaded to speak, except to inform me that, by the king's orders, my house was razed to the ground,

and myself condemned to perpetual imprisonment. I was therefore shut up in the closest confinement, attended by mutes, and left for years to lament my own domestic losses, but above all, to weep for the calamities which I knew the uncontrolled mind of the king would bring on my ill-fated country.

What length of time I spent in this dreary dungeon, I know not; for, excluded from every ray of light, I had no means of dividing or calculating time. But, after an imprisonment of many years, the keeper of the royal castles entered my cell, and informed me, that, by the king's order, I was at liberty, on condition of repairing immediately to my estates in a distant province, without attempting, at any time, to visit the capital, unless by his commands. The man who communicated to me this intelligence, had formerly received great benefits and countenance under my administration, and now testified great joy at my liberation: he informed me that I had been confined nineteen years, during which time, the king, misled by his new advisers, had plunged into every kind of excess, and, to defray his expences, had committed the most ruinous exactions on his people; that every society in the kingdom had repeatedly and publicly solicited my release, and that the king, in a fit of compunction or of caprice, had, the night

before, ordered me to be set at liberty, though he feared to see me, or to hear my reproaches.

The love of liberty, as well as the love of life, are inherent to us, and I hastened to avail myself of the king's order; but when I encountered the cheering rays of the sun, my eyes closed, unable to support the light; and the generous keeper led me forth for some distance into the country, and having put a small purse into my hand, left me suddenly, that he might not be observed. But who can conceive the misery of my present situation; grown grey in a long imprisonment, turned out into a world, with which I had, perhaps, no longer any connexion, and destined to traverse, for many days, with limbs long unused to support any weight but that of my fetters, a country so changed in its appearance, that I scarcely knew it.—Oh! it was indeed a severe fate! But the confidence I felt of not having deserved it, upheld me, and, after a toilsome journey, I arrived at my castle, the apartments of which I found nearly stripped of their furniture, and no one in it, but an old female domestic; from her I could learn nothing on those subjects which most interested my heart, and I began, therefore, to put my residence in repair. The people of the country, when acquainted with my return, manifested their regard for me, by affording me every

assistance, and I might have tasted again something like tranquillity, if I could have stifled the pangs I felt at having been suddenly cut off from those tender ties that endear and sweeten human existence. But the remembrance of past enjoyments preyed upon my mind day and night.

As I was one day seated on the banks of a stream that ran through my plantation, to obtain that repose which my body required less than my mind, a bird of the most beautiful plumage, who had long tried in vain to charm me with the sweetest warbling, suddenly lost its feathers, and assumed the lovely form of a radiant female fairy. "Prince," said she, addressing me, "you have tried the happiness and prosperity of courts, and have also tasted the bitter cup of adversity: seek now a cottage at the foot of the Trusinian mountains, and there shall your soul find rest." At these words the fairy disappeared, and left me to meditate on her admonition. The more I considered, the more I was inclined to adopt it, and at last I set out on the pilgrimage, long though I knew it to be, trusting in a happy accomplishment of the prediction, without being able to calculate the means.

I reached, after many days of constant exertion, the foot of these mountains, and have now completely surrounded them, though without

seeing any cottage, except the one now before me. My heart felt an extraordinary sensation as I gazed on it; but if this be really the spot to which I was directed by the fairy, it could only answer the purpose of impressing me with the lesson, that the plans of human comfort soon crumble away into ruins, and that there is no solid happiness on this side the grave."

Olinda paid the tribute of many tears to the narration of the noble stranger, though not without frequently applying to her rose, by which she found that he spoke only the words of truth and integrity. "Fair maid," resumed he, "since this has been pointed out as the scene that promised me repose, I will, with your leave, form myself a harbour near your own, and join you in your peaceful occupations." As he finished speaking, the beautiful bird that had before admonished him, alighted on one of the rose trees, and began to warble in the most soothing strains. "Happy omen!" said the venerable prince, "I am convinced, and obey."

The work was immediately begun, and flourished, before the hour of repose, with luxuriant foliage: as the sun declined, the stranger retired to his newly raised bower, saying, "Peace dwell in your breast, gentle maid! To-morrow I will entreat you to tell me the events that have placed you thus in solitude."

Goromac, by the delay he met in the gratification of his passion for Olinda, returned again to the attempt in the dark of this eventful night. He approached the rosy fence which had so often repulsed him; he stood and listened—all was still to his ear, except the soft breathing of the slumbering innocent. Enflamed, beyond his power to control, he made an effort and sprang over the fence; but he felt, in a moment, that his supernatural power was lost. However, his desires remained the same, and he entered the arbour: "Awake," cried he, "awake proud-hearted girl, and behold thyself once more in the power of Goromac."

He seized her rudely while he spoke, and as she opened her eyes, the sudden radiance that shone through the bower shewed to the affrighted Olinda the danger of her situation. She struggled to free herself from his rude grasp, but in vain, and then rent the air with her cries. In a moment, a figure rushed through the fence, and seizing Goromac, forcibly, by the throat, cried, in a voice of command, "Monster, release the maid!" Olinda, as she sprang from the sorcerer, saw, in her defender, the person of the Prince Licanor.

Goromac, divested of his supernatural powers, felt unable to contend with the prince, who, as soon as he recognized the object of his love in

the female he had delivered, burned with new rage, and, drawing his sabre, was going to pierce the tyrant's heart. In a moment, the beamy light that illuminated the bower, shone with increased splendour; and, in the midst of the glory, appeared the fairy whom Olinda had once preserved from the malice of Goromac. "Hold," said she, addressing the prince, as he raised his arm, "the life of that monster is not subject to thy power; he is as nearly immortal as are the evil dispositions of men. However, since he has transgressed the bound prescribed to his power, by passing the fence I protected, he shall now feel the weight of my vengeance.

At these words, the lovely miniature form of the fairy changed to an enormous giant, who, seizing the resistless Goromac by the hair, dashed him against the summit of a neighbouring mountain, and heaped upon him a hundred acres of solid rock. "There," said the avenger, in a voice like thunder, "there lie for a century, and think on her who scorned thy love because it was vicious, and who has found means to subdue thy power because it was employed to perpetrate evil." The gigantic form then condensed itself into the lovely figure of the fairy, who smiled on Olinda and disappeared.

The venerable traveller, who had the day before agreed to sojourn with Olinda, had been

roused from the sweetest sleep he had long enjoyed, by the terrible commotions that agitated the air during the conflict, and entered the bower of the maid of the mountains just as the departure of the fairy left all in darkness. Olinda, the stranger, and the young prince, remained silent and confounded, not knowing what to say each to the other; but the pale light of the morning, which began faintly to dawn over the mountains of the east, now made them visible to each other, and relieved the terrors of one, and the embarrassments of the other. "Lovely and incomparable maid," said Licanor, kneeling before Olinda, "an invisible power has conducted me in my search for you, and though I am rejoiced to see again the object to which I have vowed my whole heart, yet allow me to express my regret at seeing her in a situation and circumstances so ill suited to the rank of which she seems to have been born."

"Rise, Sir," said Olinda, blushing, as she spoke, "it is right that I should remove from your mind the mistake which misleads you, and the explanation will, at the same time, serve to acquit me of a debt which I owe to this venerable man, whose distresses have made him dear to me."

The party being seated, she informed them of her history; that she had been an inhabitant

of that valley ever since she could remember, and described, with sorrow-streaming eyes, the manner in which she had lost her mother, whose virtuous and wise instructions she had dwelt upon with rapturous enthusiasm. Licanor drank in fresh draughts of love as he listened to the interesting narration, as he observed the fine feelings of the mind that suggested it, and the aged pilgrim attended to it with increasing emotion. "Fair and innocent maid," said the venerable man, "I feel an interest in what concerns you, that I can account for only on one principle. When the inexorable ministers of a monarch's displeasure dragged me from my house to a long and dreary confinement, I had for some months enjoyed the blissful society of a beloved wife, and the endearing smiles of an infant daughter; yet, how my wife should have so long survived the wreck of my fortunes, or how my little Olinda should have grown up into the lovely nymph I see before me, I am at a loss to explain."

The maid of the mountains scarce heard the last words that he spoke:—she trembled, she gasped for breath, she hesitated, and, at last, falling before him, she sighed out, in a faint voice, "My mother was wont to call me Olinda."

"O! wonderful Providence!" exclaimed the

agitated parent, weeping with joy as he uttered it, "thus, then, is the advice of the fairy accomplished, and thus shall the heart-stricken Nurenor find peace at the cottage of the mountains."

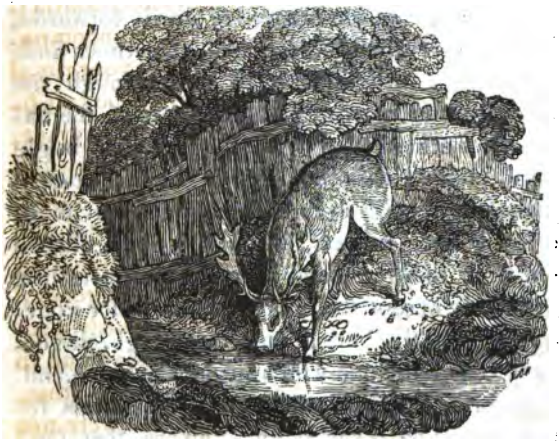
A golden cloud now descended towards the arbour, bearing a radiant car, in which the delighted Olinda distinguished her fairy protectress, accompanied by the figure of her mother, not bending as before with infirmity and lameness, but beaming with health and benignity: they alighted, and the eager maid, extending her duteous arms, sprang forwards to embrace the beloved form. "Oh!" exclaimed she, in ecstasy, "it is no illusion! O happy day that gives me at once too valuable parents!"

The mother of Olinda heard these words with surprise, and looked on the strangers with eyes of doubt and enquiry. "It is, indeed, true," said the benevolent fairy, addressing the whole party, "and what is yet enveloped in mystery, I will explain. When the ingratitude of the king condemned Nurenor to a perpetual imprisonment, and his wife and daughter to destruction, I put it in the heart of one of the guards to favour their escape, and by various means, which I supplied, unperceived, I enabled them to reach this sequestered valley. Here, in safe retirement, with lowly fare, the worthy mother

of Olinda, framed her daughter's mind to the practice of virtue and wisdom. Her young heart has been subject to many trials, and she has come out glorious from them all, by her resolution and fortitude, which enabled her, in one instance, to render me a most essential service. I was, therefore, bound by gratitude, as well as by former inclination, to watch over her happiness; and, therefore, when the demons of the air, at the command of Goromac, set fire to the cottage, I bore away the helpless mother to my habitation, where I have perfectly cured her of that infirmity, which was permitted only as a trial of her fortitude, and of Olinda's filial piety. For you, Price Licanor, I have long destined a happy fortune, in uniting you with the incomparable maid of the mountains; nor shall your royal parents regret this fulfilment of the fate they wished to avert from you; for the wicked tyrant, who abandoned the paths of wisdom and justice, and doomed to destruction the minister whose integrity upheld his throne, has just paid the forfeit of his crimes, in attempting to quell an insurrection of the people; who, in a general assembly of the states, have unanimously proclaimed Nurenor king. But I beseech you all to let it be deeply impressed in your hearts, that, even in your greatest sufferings, you were not without consolation; and that, as the happiness

you are about to enjoy is the result of your moderation and virtue, when you shall quit those qualities, the bright prospect of felicity will fade from before you."

The fairy then transported the whole party to the palace of Licanor's father, where, with the high approbation of all parties, the nuptials were magnificently celebrated, and Nurenor immediately after proceeded to his newly-acquired kingdom, where he lived long enough to repair the ravages and oppressions committed by his predecessors.



The Baroness de Granville listened, with increasing attention, to the interesting tale which the minstrel related to her as he journeyed by her side, and it was not till he had ceased speaking, that she perceived they had advanced far into the dark and lonely ways of the forest. The character of Olinda, and the salutary lesson conveyed by it, seemed to impress themselves strongly on her mind, and she resolved to bear, with similar resolution, the perils and distresses of her future destiny, whatever they might be; but she was little aware, how soon this wise resolution would be put to the severest trial.

As the cavalcade proceeded slowly forwards, in the order already described, sometimes finding it not a little difficult to pass through the intricate and narrow path, the ears of the baroness were startled with sounds of a bugle horn, close at hand, and before she had time to make any remark upon it, a party of fifty men, dressed like foresters, but well armed, rushed out from the trees, and ranged themselves in a firm body across the way. "Surrender yourselves instantly," cried out, in a rough, discordant voice, the one who appeared to command. "Umbric, our lord, suffers none to pass this forest, where he is sovereign: you are, therefore,

his prisoners, and I warn you, that immediate death will follow resistance."

The baroness would have fainted with terror at the prospect of being captured, but for the lesson which she had lately received, and, as this short address of the leader had given time for her men at arms to advance from the rear, and form themselves in front, she thought to continue the parley under their protection, and to negociate for a free passage; but she had no time to speak: for the men of the forest, immediately on the shew of resistance, rushed forwards upon the men at arms, and, in a short time, notwithstanding their brave defence, overpowered them by numbers, and left not one alive. The leader of the party, as soon as his men were engaged, sprang forwards to the baroness, and seizing the reins of her palfrey, cried out, in the same terrific voice, "You are a prisoner." "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the affrighted lady, in the agony of her feelings, "what will become of me?" "That is best known to Umbric, our lord," answered the ferocious leader of the gang: "Nor heaven nor earth can control what he orders."

The immediate domestics of the baroness, strongly attached to their lady, would not suffer her caption without making an effort, and seizing the weapons of such of the men at arms as

fell in the conflict, they endeavoured to aid the few that continued nobly fighting to the last; but their valour and their fidelity availed them little, and they fell dead over the breathless bodies of their companions. Thus was the unfortunate lady left, with the bard and her waiting-woman, in the power of a band of lawless robbers. What the end might be, she dreaded even to think.

As soon as the leader of the party saw that the contest was no longer doubtful, he led the baroness's horse into a very narrow path, and ordering some of his people to bring the other prisoners after him, proceeded forwards, without speaking. At the end of about an hour's travelling, they reached the moat of a strongly fortified castle, and it was some consolation to the lady of de Granville, to think that she should thus be placed in the hands of no common or brutal robber; but she knew not the lord of the domain, or this hope would never have entered her mind.

Umbric was one of those Saxon nobles who had decidedly espoused the succession of Harold to the English throne. When the chance of war had settled the disputed right in favour of the Norman invader, he kept himself in sullen retirement, trusting that the spirit of his countrymen would yet shake off the yoke of a foreigner;

but when he found this hope deceitful, and that the submissions of the one increased with the increasing oppressions of the other, he withdrew, entirely, to his strong fortress in the forest of Sherwood, determined in future to consider both English and Normans as his enemies, and to plunder or destroy, equally, the one and the other. The habit of rapine, in which he had now long continued, made him smile on the greatest enormities, if committed by his own people, who had nothing to dread but punishment for disobedience to his orders. From such a man, what could the lovely Baroness de Granville expect that was kind or generous.

She was brought into the presence of Umbric, together with her associates in misfortune; but he was then occupied in the luxuries and excesses of his banqueting hall, and wished not to disturb the revelry of the day, by listening to the complaints of unfortunate captives. He, therefore, ordered them away till the morrow; yet, having observed, by the apparel of the baroness, that she was no common person, he directed that she should be well lodged, and she was immediately led to a solitary apartment, in a distant part of the castle, there to indulge the sad reflection that pressed on her mind.

But the sufferings of the Baron de Granville, during this long and sad interval, had been much

more severe than those of his amiable lady, because they were the sufferings both of body and mind. When he pursued the fugitive adherents of de Corbyn, who had made so unprovoked an assault on his domain, the ardour of his mind carried him on, regardless of the wounds he had received, and the bleeding of which was increased by every subsequent exertion. At last, the party that fled before him, fell in with another small band that had taken shelter in a neighbouring wood; and, finding themselves to out-number the few followers of the baron, determined to make a stand. The noble-hearted de Granville was not to be thus intimidated, and he rushed forwards to attack them, animating his people by his voice. By this brave, but too eager valour, he was immediately cut off from the greater part of his men, who were driven by the superior numbers of their enemies, and hastily returned to the castle. Though thus left with four or five men to encounter the whole party, the brave baron might have contended successfully against the odds, but that the loss of blood rendered his strokes, which had so lately dealt inevitable death, feeble and almost ineffectual. The enemy perceiving this, and having slain his men, soon over-powered and took him. Now, however, a difficulty arose as to what they should do with their prisoner, who lay fainting

on the ground. Some proposed to dispatch him, and then try once more to possess themselves of the castle; but this appeared too great an enterprize for their small numbers, and they admired too much the bravery of de Granville, to bear the idea of destroying him: it was then suggested, by others, that they should bind up his wounds, and immediately proceed with him to the castle of Count Umbric, whose disposition to countenance every insurrection against the Norman power was fully known to them, as well as his desire to encourage such as had become liable to the arm of public justice.

This latter plan was immediately followed, and the wounded baron, placed on a kind of litter, formed by some branches of trees, was conveyed to the wilds of Sherwood forest, where the knowledge of the exploit in which they had been concerned, soon gained them entrance into the castle, and the presence of Count Umbric. He grumbled out a long invective against the whole nation, for its supineness in not rising against the tyranny of a foreign yoke; but when he learnt that the people had brought into his power a Norman baron, and that too one of the acknowledged favourites of William, whom he hated, his breast exulted with savage joy. He, however, ordered his wounds to be immediately dressed, and every care to be bestowed on him,

though in the closest confinement, well judging, that, after his recovery, he should still have the power to torture and destroy him, or to keep him as an hostage for making his peace with William, in the event of being obliged to submit, as many more powerful than himself had done already.

In the course of a month, the baron, notwithstanding his mental agonies, was completely cured of his wounds, and then brought into the presence of the stern and haughty Umbric. From him he received every kind of abusive epithet that malice could invent, which de Granville heard with the most dignified silence. He then softened his manner, and endeavoured to allure the baron, by the most specious promises, to quit his allegiance, and to join the disaffected English. This was too much for the feelings of the baron: "I scorn," said he, "the reward that is to be purchased by treason. I love the king because he is my sovereign, and I will faithfully serve him because he has been bountiful to me. Tyrant! I should despise thee more than I do, but that I believe thy vices and thy rebellion to proceed from an excess of loyalty and patriotism; but that I believe thou wouldst have served Harold, as faithfully as I will serve William." Umbric, savage as he was against the followers of the Norman Conqueror, could

not but admire the sentiments of the baron, whom, however, he ordered to a dungeon of the castle, there to be sustained by a scanty allowance.

On the morning following her captivity, the Lady de Granville was brought forth from her apartment to answer the enquiries of the imperious Umbric: her beauty struck him with surprise, and filled his heart with the most lively emotions; he endeavoured to soften his voice and manner into something like courtesy, in addressing her, and even went so far as to signify a regret that his people should have interrupted her progress; but when he learnt, from her replies to his enquiries, that she was the wife of his prisoner, his brow contracted, and his soul swelled with the storm of dark designs.

The baroness, then assuming a tone of firmness to which she was little used, demanded her release, or an explanation of his reasons for detaining her. To this his only reply was, that her fate was in his hands; that she must, for the present, remain his prisoner; and that the length of her confinement would wholly depend on the manner in which she should receive a proposal he would make to her on a future day. Having thus impressed her mind, as he hoped, with a sentiment favourable to his criminal wishes, he dismissed her to her apartment. Umbric had

resolved, in the moment of jealousy that followed his sudden love, to put de Granville to death, and thus remove every obstacle in the mind of the baroness; but, on coolly re-considering, he determined first to learn whether she knew that her lord was still alive; and, having extorted the desired information from the artless answers of the lady's woman, whom he caused to be brought before him, he hoped, by concealing the fact, to be able to gratify his passion, and to preserve the instrument of his future safety.

Full of this hope, he made his proposals the next day, and was rejected with the most decided resolution: however, day after day he renewed his address, sometimes adding threats to his persuasions, which, at last, he might probably have been induced to put in execution, but for some occurrences, which engaged him in pursuits of a very different nature.

Edgar Atheling had quitted his refuge in Scotland, to join a strong party, in Northumberland, of persons that had risen against the Norman government, and being aided by a body of forces from Denmark, seemed likely to make a formidable stand. These tidings were like the joyful rays of a new day to the heart of Umbric, and collecting all the forces he could muster, and leaving only a trusty few to guard his castle and prisoners, he set forwards immediately to

join the insurgents. The vigour and excellent policy of William, however, soon dispersed the storm, and the Danes, retiring, left the adventurous Edgar to his former necessity of taking refuge again with the king of the Scots. Umbric, who was yet too proud to submit, as many other nobles had done, and too suspicious to trust himself at his castle in the forest, took shelter with Hereward, a noble of East Anglia, who, having fortified himself in the Isle of Ely, seemed likely to make a long and successful struggle. After attending, for some time, on the fortunes of this noble, he went over to assist Edric, the forester, who, supported by the Welsh princes, preserved long a sort of independence on the banks of the Severn. The partizans, also, of Edwin and of Morcar, drew the attention and visits of Umbric, successively, to different parts of the kingdom; so that nearly nine years elapsed, before he had an opportunity of spending any time at his castle in the wilds of Sherwood Forest. But this long interval had not, in the least, weakened the impression made on his mind by the beauties of the Baroness de Granville. He returned to his domain as ardent in his wishes as when he left it, and, if possible, more resolved on their gratification.

Year after year rolled away without affording

to the unfortunate captives the least mitigation to the rigours of their confinement: the baron was constantly confined to his dungeon, with no sources of comfort, but what he drew from the greatness of his own mind; and the baroness was as closely detained in her apartment, with the favour, at last, of being attended by her own woman, which indulgence, however, she solicited for more than a year before she obtained it.

The aged minstrel, who had faithfully followed the fortunes of the Lady of Granville castle, was the only one who obtained any degree of notice from the remorseless agents of Count Umbric. The guards of the castle, as they patroled their nightly rounds, had repeatedly heard him chanting the most interesting ballads in his solitary cell, and had as often stopped to listen. The voice of music can soothe even the most obdurate mind, and, the circumstance being spoken of to the other soldiers in the castle, it was agreed to have him brought out, occasionally, for their entertainment.

The venerable appearance, interesting manners, and, above all, the sweet strains of the minstrel, lulled the suspicions of the guards, and, at last, they were wont to let him go at large in the castle. His attachment to the interests of the Lady de Granville, made him solicitous to effect his escape, with the hope of con-

tributing, afterwards, to her enlargement, and, a few days before the final return of the count, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the guards, and to make his escape into the forest, where he concealed himself in the top of a large oak till the following night. Having thus avoided pursuit, he set forwards to court, and, by indefatigable exertions, reached the capital, where, through the medium of Prince Robert, he contrived to lay a statement of the sufferings of his lady before the eyes of the king.

William, who well remembered the faithful services of de Granville, and whose principal failing was his too great fondness for heaping favours on his countrymen, was glad of an occasion to subdue the untractable spirit of an English noble, and immediately ordered a body of troops to march and invest the castle of Count Umbric.

The close confinement to which she had been long subjected, had affected no change in the beauty of the Baroness de Granville, unless in giving to her features a sort of pensiveness, that rendered her more interesting. Umbric felt its full force, and was resolved to compel her to marry him, but as she pleaded, in order to gain time, the uncertainty she was in, respecting the fate of her lord, he determined to put the baron to death, and then, by shewing her his lifeless

head, convince her, at once, of his decession, and remove all pretence for evasion. De Granville was, therefore, ordered out for execution in the court of the castle on the following day; but ere the sun dawned on the highest turrets of the castle, the active soldiers of the king had filled up the moat, and applied their battering rams to the walls, while another party, more daring than the first, had swam across the water, and set fire to the gates, by which, in a short time, they were enabled to let down the draw bridge, and admit a great part of their detachment. Resistance, on the part of the garrison, seemed to be vain, yet Umbric, unarmed as he was, came forth, and putting himself at the head of his men, did all that could be expected from an experienced leader: he soon fell, however, covered with wounds, and his death put an end to the conflict.

The shouts of the loyalists proclaimed the victory, and in a short time the minstrel, who had obtained permission to follow the troops, entered the castle; anxious to watch, as far as he might, over the lovely but unfortunate baroness. The officer who commanded the detachment, had strict orders to examine the prisons of Umbric's castle, and to liberate such as had been confined; so that the bard had soon the opportunity of throwing himself at his lady's

felt, and of pouring out the effusions of his gladness for her deliverance. But, in the midst of these emotions, in which even the surrounding soldiers seemed to take part, the attention of every eye was drawn to a pale and emaciated figure, heavily laden with chains, led into the court by a guard that had been directed to open and examine the dungeons. His hair was long and wild, his eyes hollow, and his beard of an extraordinary length; his step was feeble and trembling; but when he looked round on the crowd of armed men, and saw in the midst of them the elegant form of the baroness, "Wonderful heaven! how can this be?" exclaimed he, and sprang to clasp her in his arms. The effort, however, was too much for him, and he sunk to the ground almost senseless.

The Baroness de Granville, who could not distinguish the person of her beloved lord, disfigured as he was, yet knew his voice in an instant, and fell upon his breast, nearly as much overpowered as the baron himself. The soldiers, many of whom had often fought and conquered under the direction of de Granville, no sooner knew who was before them, than they used every possible means to recover him, and, at last, succeeded; but he held his lady so closely embraced, that it was some moments before they could be separated.

To describe the scene that followed would baffle the ablest writer: those who can conceive the tender affection which the baron and baroness felt for each other, may, perhaps, be able to picture to their own minds, the emotions of both on a meeting so unexpected, and under such circumstances. De Granville was conveyed to an apartment in the castle, where his lovely wife performed the duties of a nurse with the most endearing tenderness; and, in a few days, he was able to set out for his own estate, accompanied by the baroness, her woman, and the venerable author of their liberation. The troops, who had found good quarters in the castle, felt no regret in waiting the baron's recovery; but as soon as he had left it, they put in execution their final commission, and razed it to the ground.

Surprise as well as joy filled the hearts of all the domestics in Granville castle, on the unexpected arrival of their lord and lady. The warden had faithfully discharged his duty, though the time was so long since he had had any one to control him, and de Granville found his mansion every way fit to receive him, and his revenues, which being well managed, had filled his coffers, in a most flourishing state. His first step was to reward this faithful servant, and then to shew his gratitude to the minstrel,

by giving him an appointment, for life, in the castle; but these duties performed, he besought the baroness to accompany her to the grotto in search of their children.

The Lady de Granville was not less solicitous than her lord to know the fate of her beloved son and daughter; but, to avoid observation, it was agreed to defer their visit till the next morning. They found the entrance to the grotto the same as before, and passed into the saloon with the same facility: here they observed a table, sumptuously set out with refreshments, and heard soft music in the air, performed by invisible musicians. They judged it to be the will of the fairy that they should eat, and, therefore, immediately seating themselves, tasted of the delicacies that were spread before them.

As they finished their repast, the music ceased, and the fairy Benina appeared at the farther end of the saloon, leading forwards the children of de Granville. Reginald, now fourteen, was a fine and blooming youth, and his sister appeared adorned with every female grace, just ripening into perfection. They kneeled before their parents, with the most dutiful respect, modestly congratulating themselves on being thus again restored to the blessing of paternal society. The baron and his lady caressed them with rapture, and would long have indulged the

delightful sensations they experienced; but, as Benina began to address them, they looked to her with silent attention.

"To you, Baron and Baroness de Granville," said she, "I shall now restore your amiable children: the dark cloud which threatened their destinies has passed over, though not without falling severely on you; yet, I trust, that the virtuous dispositions which I have cultivated in the minds of your offspring, will furnish you a reward for every suffering. From this day my temple will be closed, and my pupils go forth with safety into the world; yet, I wish to remind them, before they leave me, that, without circumspection and prudence, they will find a *Yellow Dwarf* every where, ready to take advantage of their indiscretions; that there are many kind and good *White Mice*, ever watchful to serve and assist those who persevere in what is right, and that perfect *Innocence* will always be *rewarded*. To my dear Ellenor, I recommend the lessons taught by the example of the *Princess Cumion*, and the virtuous little *Bee*, and in all circumstances that may occur, in the course of her life, to remember that there is no virtue more important or useful than *Invincible Fortitude*. To Reginald, I recommend the example of his father, and the many brilliant virtues that shone in the

Young Shepherd. Thus tutored, and thus acting, he will become fervent in his piety, faithful to his king, and a zealous patriot in defending the happy country which a kind Providence has given him to reside in.

THE END.

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